HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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READING THE WILL.

A FEW LEGACIES LEFT BY THE DEFUNCT CONGRESS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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BISSELL AND WILSON.

IT was with a feeling of sincere regret that the people received the news of the resignation of Mr. BISSELL as Postmaster-General. He had conducted the business of his department in a manner entitling him in a high degree to the esteem of his countrymen. His record challenges comparison with that of any of his predecessors. He gave as the decisive reason for his resignation that his private affairs urgently demanded his personal attention. But the rumor that his sensitiveness to criticism had something to do with it was probably not entirely unfounded. That criticism came from two very different quarters. On the one hand, the spoils politicians of his own party were incensed at the fidelity with which he enforced the civil service law in spirit as well as letter in the classified service under his direction, and at the slowness and reluctance with which he distributed the "patronage" of his department. On the other hand, the civil service reformers would not be wholly satisfied, because he made concessions to the spoils politicians of his party inconsistent with the civil service reform principles, which he himself professed, and no doubt sincerely cherished, and because by refusing to go a little step farther he missed accomplishing results much greater and much more durable.

The criticism directed against him by the civil service reformers was to him, perhaps, the most painful. He counted himself as one of them, and felt himself entitled to their grateful recognition for the services he had rendered to their cause. This feeling was by no means unjustified, for those services were of great importance; nor was that recognition wanting. But Mr. BISSELL forgot, as men in office frequently do, that the spokesmen of civil service reform cannot permit themselves to let pass as genuine reform anything that falls short of the true standard, and that while truly grateful for any advance in the right direction, they have no right to declare themselves fully satisfied before the goal is reached. When, for instance, Mr. BISSELL established the rule that postmasters, if efficient officers, should not be removed for partisan reasons before having served four years, the civil service reformers, while admitting that this rule mitigated the scandals of a clean sweep, were in duty bound to aver that it would result in a clean sweep after all, to be followed by another clean sweep with the next change of party in power, and that thus it was only a shamefaced continuation of the old demoralizing practice. And when it was said in justification of Mr. BISSELL'S course that he could go no farther without endangering the cohesion of his party, and that the advance made had already aroused against him the fiercest animosity of the general run of party politicians, the answer was that had he adopted the rule of not removing any efficient postmaster for partisan reasons at any time—a rule which he emphatically recognized as the correct one in his last annual report—the animosity of the party politicians would hardly have been more fierce and vindictive, and the party would not have been more disastrously wrecked than it now actually is, but that in this confusion and ruin would have been established a great principle and a practical reform of immense importance, which no subsequent administration would dare to annul, and which would redound to the immortal honor of its originators.

We mention these things not with any desire of depreciating the really excellent services rendered by Mr. BISSELL, which we gladly acknowledge, but because his successor may find it useful to devote to this view of the case some candid study. We doubt whether President CLEVELAND could have found among the leaders of his party one more eminently fitted in point of character and ability to fill the vacant place in his cabinet than Mr. WILSON. He issued from the wreckage of the last Congress not only with unsullied honor, but with increased reputation. Friend and foe respect him alike as a man of valuable accomplishments and of high principles and aims. It is of especial consequence that the great patronage department of the government will in him have at its head an avowed friend of civil service reform, who not long ago declared on a public occasion that, after the enactment of the new tariff law, that reform would be the most important problem before the country, and should be taken in hand with resolute energy. He finds before him not, indeed, the large opportunities which greeted this administration at the start, but still opportunities enough inviting important work. He hears also around him the importunate cry of the "practical politicians" that they need the spoils of office to put new vitality and vigor into the shattered party, and that the recent disasters would not have happened had there been more post-offices for the faithful. Thus the old question presents itself to him again, how much of his civil service reform principle should be sacrificed to partisan greed and clamor.

If Mr. WILSON is the wise man we take him to be he will not ignore the well-established experience that he cannot gain the favor of the spoils politicians without giving them all they ask for; that unless he does so they will be his enemies; that he cannot give them half of what they demand without sacrificing his own character and that of the administration; and that in the same measure as he does this he will lose his opportunities for promoting the real good of the country, and forfeit the confidence of those whose good opinion he would probably most highly value. No fair-minded man will find fault with Mr. WILSON for being a partisan, and for having the welfare of his party at heart. But we believe him to be a patriotic and a wise partisan, who clearly understands that the interests of his party can be promoted only by faithful service to the best interests of the country. He cannot possibly indulge in the delusion that the Democratic party, discomfited and demoralized as it now is, can be restored to vigor and usefulness by continuing to dole out offices as party spoils among the workers. But what those in power really can do for their party is to use the remainder of their opportunities with regard to that part of the official machinery which is still untouched, for the fullest practical establishment of the principle that public office is a public trust, and to leave behind them the fame of having done this as a Democratic administration.

THE OLD CONGRESS AND THE NEW.

THERE was general rejoicing throughout the country when the Fifty-third Congress came to an end on the 4th of March. Not only did the people who write letters to the daily papers express themselves in vigorous and satirical terms concerning the shortcomings, the follies, and the affirmative vices of Congress, not only did the paragraphers and cartoon-makers bourgeon into comment, not only did the minor poets sing of the departed in joyous melody, but the political writers of both parties soberly congratulated the country and gave most excellent reasons for their sentiments. It was, indeed, a Congress of which the great republic ought to feel heartily ashamed; but, after all, why are we rejoicing so abundantly? Why is the country filled with gladness that one Congress is dead when another is born? Is there occasion for all this outburst of happiness? Rational men rejoice over the death of an oppressor, the removal of an obstacle from the path of the country's progress, the end of a disgraceful state of things, the conclusion of the terms of bad men in office, when oppression is also dead, when the pathway of the country is thereby freed for the onward movement, when the events and the men who have disgraced us are to be succeeded by better men whose deeds will be worthier of their country and their times, when not only are the bad men departing into deserved obscurity, but good men are to be their successors. Therefore, is all the exuberant joy with which we are saying farewell to the Fifty-third Congress rational, beyond that which is felt for the moment because no Congress is in session, and therefore the immediate danger to business is temporarily removed?

The Congress was bad and foolish; it was ignorant and demagogic; it was filled with unwholesome wrath against what was sound and true; it took delight in the spite which animates small souls; and it stood in Mr. CLEVELAND'S way when he tried to save the country's credit. Left to itself, it is doubtful if it would have accomplished anything of value. At the beginning of its term, when the hope of participating in the spoils at the disposal of the Democratic President was strong in the hearts of its members, the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives quickly passed the bill for the repeal of the SHERMAN law. But the bill was forced through the Senate under the President's lash, aided immensely by public opinion. The House of Representatives passed a tariff, which, it is true, is a step in the right direction, and opposite to that in which McKinleyism was progressing. But the law was spoiled by the insertion of the Populistic income tax, while the Senate Democrats were betrayed by some of their party associates, who sold the party's principles and pledges to the Sugar Trust. Every effort to secure relief for the Treasury and for the business interests of the country through legislation failed in both Houses of Congress. It seemed at times as though Senators and Representatives had gone mad in their obstinate determination to deny facts that were patent to all reasonable men, and to refuse to lend a helping hand to the Treasury. This madness reached its culmination in the deliberate refusal to save the government $16,000,000 by stipulating that the new bonds should be paid in gold. In the last days of the session Congress discouraged international arbitration — the cause which appeals most strongly to all true Americans—by refusing to pay the amount agreed upon by Mr. GRESHAM as due under the Paris award to the British North American sealers; and in the closing hours of the session the shameless body decided to pay more than $5,000,000 as a bounty to the sugar-growers, although the bounty law had been repealed, and although the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia had declared such a bounty to be unconstitutional.

For the part played by it in this last bad performance the administration deserves even severer condemnation than the compliant Congress. Its own law officer made the argument in support of the contention that the bounty law was unconstitutional. There is no doubt that his view is concurred in by the President and most, if not all, of the cabinet, so that the enactment of the bounty provision, with the administration's assent, must mean that the Secretary of the Treasury is not to raise the question for the protection of the government against this communistic raid—a raid permitted, and doubtless planned, for the catching of Democratic votes in Louisiana and Populist votes in the Northwest.

But when all has been said that can be said against the Fifty-third Congress, is there any reason why the country should rejoice over the coming in of the Fifty-fourth Congress? Mr. REED will be the Speaker. Is he any sounder on the money question than Mr. CRISP? He is responsible for at least part of the Republican partisan opposition to the granting of the administration's request that 3 per cent. gold bonds should be authorized in order that the country might save the $16,000,000 which was thrown away in a blind folly akin to that which, more than once, has inspired Parisian mobs to sack palaces and to destroy the long-garnered treasures of art and letters, because they had been the dwellings and the delight of those whom, for the moment, the destroyers did not like.

Mr. REED has more than a weak side for silver; he has several times, among them a recent one, announced that he is what he calls an "international bimetallist." So far as may be judged from the votes of the members of the present House who have been re-elected, and from the political and economic professions and declarations of new Representatives, the silver and fiat-money follies are as strong in the new body as they were in the old. On the larger question of currency reform, there is no reason to expect from the Republican majority what was denied by the Democratic majority. The country is even more likely to see a sound-money party formed by Democrats than by Republicans, because, after years of lunacy and weakness, of incoherence and lack of leadership, the Democratic party is just now threatened with the good fortune of losing BLAND, BRYAN, and their shouting mob, to which Mr. REED and other Republican Presidential possibilities are bowing reverentially.

In the Senate the silver strength will be greater in the new Congress than it was in the old, and even in anticipation of the coming time, WOLCOTT and TELLER are representing their side of the Chamber in consultation with the dangerous element among the Democrats. It may be that England and Germany will provide another international bimetallic entertainment for the distraction of the Senators and Representatives from the mining camps, but whether they do or not, revived Republican attachment for the greenbacks, which has found recent expression from Senator SHERMAN, continued and often unreasoning hostility to any proposition made by Mr. CLEVELAND, and pervasive ignorance of the subject, will prevent any thorough currency reform unless a de-

cided change is wrought in the sentiment of the new Congress.

Certainly Mr. CLEVELAND will be wise not to expect favorable legislation from an extra session of the new Congress. All the benefit that could possibly be derived from such a session would be the change of sentiment that might be brought about through a general campaign of education. The next Congress needs instruction quite as much as any other Congress has ever needed it, but perhaps, as many new members are coming recently from the people, it may be comparatively easy to teach the body to take intelligent action. At any rate it is of the utmost importance that the effort should be made, for the new Congress, besides being unsound on the money question, is quite capable of following jingo leaders like Senator LODGE to disastrous, at least un-American, legislation. From this time until the new Congress meets, every organ of sound public opinion should keep up the demand for proper legislation, for a just regard for the welfare of the country, accompanying the demands with argument in order that there may be a sound public sentiment behind Congressmen. Then, perhaps, there will be reason for tumultuous joy over the death of the Fifty-third and the birth of the Fifty-fourth Congress.

A SHOCKING STORY.

EVERY one who is interested in the problems of municipal government and municipal politics in this country should carefully read the MULLIN report on Murphyism in Troy.

EDWARD MURPHY, Jun., is not an original genius even in the perpetration of political crimes. What his followers have done has been done in other cities and in other States, perhaps in other countries. But in the United States we are concerned with the fact that these offences are committed under democratic institutions, and are apparently made the easier by them. The MULLIN report contains little that is new. The Legislature and the people knew who MURPHY was when he was elected to the Senate. But the report presents in succinct form a recital of the criminal methods which obtain in nearly every large city of the country.

This majority report is signed by three Republican Senators, but they are fair enough to admit that there are MURPHY Republicans in Troy, just as there are Tammany, otherwise known as PLATT, Republicans in New York. Corruption is non-partisan. There must be more Democrats than Republicans in the ruling ring of a Democratic city, and more Republicans than Democrats in the ring of a Republican city. The presence of corruptionists of both parties is necessary in both cases, however, in order to secure legislation by deals at the State capital. Moreover, the experience of this State has shown how advantageous is this partnership for the suppression or diversion of investigation. Until the public demanded that the LEXOW investigation should be real, nearly every Republican inquiry into the corruptions of this city was a sham.

As we have already said, the MULLIN report deals with what have unhappily come to be facts of familiar knowledge. But it will be profitable for every decent American citizen to stimulate his sense of shame and his indignation by contemplating them as they are here collected. The report declares that in the last two elections in Troy nearly every provision of the election law was violated; outrages upon public rights and private citizens were constant; the repeating, violence, rioting, and other crimes finally culminated in murder. The machine responsible for all this is composed mainly of Democrats, though it has Republican adherents. It is known as the MURPHY machine. It controls the police and the inspectors of elections. Although MURPHY has invented nothing, his machine is probably the boldest and most reckless in the country. Its repeaters impudently vote several times at the same polling-place. They parade the city in gangs, going from place to place in the discharge of their nefarious tasks. Young men vote on the names of well-known old citizens. The living vote on the names of the dead. All honest Republican challenges are overruled. No repeaters are ever arrested by the MURPHY police, who, on the contrary, protect the criminals. At one polling-place a repeater voted on the name of a Prohibition watcher against the unavailing protest of the victim of the outrage. "In one district," to quote from the report, "the police permitted two lines of voters to be formed, one composed of legal voters, and the other of repeaters. The last were allowed to enter, vote, and leave the polling-place by these policemen, who held back the line of legal voters, browbeating, bullying, and threatening them with violence. This was one of the districts in the ward where ROBERT ROSS was murdered." Inspectors refused to put the legal oath, and voters were permitted to take assistants into the booths. There was a carnival of crime. The gross humor of outlawry pervaded the atmosphere. A man who had been driving a carriage all day to and from the polling-places was permitted to swear that he was blind and totally disabled, and his ballot was prepared for him. An alderman who was not an election officer went inside the guard-rail with a voter, received and folded the ballots, and handed them to the inspector, who accepted them, the voter never having touched them. The police threw Republican inspectors bodily out of the polling-places. Of course false countings and declarations of results were common.

This is the story of an election day in an American city. It is shocking, but it is well that the facts are known. It presents a problem that must be met. And as the report shows that partisanship, partly bipartisanship, is at the root of the evil, it is clear that one important remedy lies in non-partisanship in municipal affairs.

COLORADO'S GOLDEN LINING.

AN interesting and instructive article, by Mr. JULIAN RALPH, on the production of gold in Colorado will be found on another page of this issue of the WEEKLY. Mr. RALPH has visited Colorado in behalf of the WEEKLY for the purpose of investigating the subject on which he presents this report.

It will be recalled by those who heard or read the speeches made in the Senate just before the passage of the bill repealing the purchasing clause of the SHERMAN law that the Colorado Senators were grief-stricken at the thought of the desolation that was to come to the people of their State when the government should retire from the business of buying their silver. Mr. TELLER was especially lugubrious, and there were tears in his voice as he contemplated the misery that was to come to his constituents when they should be compelled to sell their ore in the open markets of the world, after the method which the growers of grain and cotton are compelled to follow. Mr. WOLCOTT, as became a young man in whom the hope of the future is strong, did not wholly surrender. He warned the "gold-bugs" and the Democrats who had yielded to the "tyrant in the White House" that the people of Colorado would not accept the ruin which had been wickedly plotted for them, but that they would turn their backs upon their silver mines; they would bid a tearful farewell to the "white metal" that still slumbered in the earth; but they would go forth with stern faces and firm hearts to conquer new fields, and to gain their living, perhaps riches, in other occupations.

It must be with a heart swelling with pride, therefore, that Mr. WOLCOTT regards the rich and speedy fulfilment of his hope. And Mr. TELLER, too, must rejoice that his lamentations have turned out to be causeless. But what can be their feelings when they realize that the continued prosperity of their State is due to the despised gold? Mr. TELLER and Mr. WOLCOTT continue in the silver camp in more or less close communion with the voluble Senators from the Nevada camp. That is probably due to the fact that they are politicians, and are therefore unconscious of the change in public sentiment that has been wrought by the rich gold discoveries in Colorado. That there is such a change can be read in the newspapers of the State. Mr. RALPH quotes from one of these, the Denver *Republican*, which says that Colorado is bettered through the production of the more stable metal, the decrease in speculation, the adoption of better processes in procuring and treating ore, and the establishment of mining as a commercial enterprise.

In a word, the statements and predictions of the "gold-bugs" have been verified. Colorado is a better and richer State because it is no longer a silver-mining camp whose reckless speculators were content to mine their ore extravagantly and wastefully because the government was keeping up the price of silver. Although Senator TELLER wept in oratorical periods over the distress that would come to Colorado when its people ceased to be mendicants, even he must rejoice that honest industry has been so quickly followed by abundant rewards. Colorado found its rich gold-fields late in the year; but even so, the output exceeded that of 1893 by nearly $4,000,000, was more than double that of 1892, and was about equal to the output of silver. This year its product of gold will probably greatly exceed its product of silver, and its miners will learn so well the facts that have impressed themselves upon the Denver *Republican*, and will ascertain so thoroughly by actual experience that gold is a more trustworthy metal than silver, that even the politicians may hear the news. In our turn, we will offer a prediction to the discredited prophets. It is that in their eager race for the shelter of the "gold-bug" camp, which is likely to come off in the not distant future, Senator TELLER will not permit himself to be distanced by his younger and more volatile colleague.

THE DELAY OF THE SCHOOL-REFORM BILL.

WHEN the school bill of the Committee of Seventy was introduced into the Legislature, it was attended with every augury of success.

The need of a reorganization of the New York school system was admitted by all. The bill had been drawn with care and deliberation by a commission appointed by the Mayor; it had been the subject of much public discussion; it had been examined anew by a competent subcommittee, and was recommended by people of every party and every creed. The bill was framed in the light of the experience of other cities. It replaced a complicated and clumsy organization with a simple and efficient one.

It provides that the Board of Education shall possess the ultimate authority now distributed among thirty-three boards of commissioners, trustees, and inspectors. A Superintendent of Buildings is to care for the schoolhouses, and a City Superintendent with a board of twenty assistants is to be at the head of the 5000 teachers, so that the work of education may be in the hands of experts, and not of laymen, and that the teaching force may be united, independent, and open to the stimulating influences which come from capable leadership. No unnecessary change is made in existing law, and the dignity and the rights of principals and teachers are carefully guarded.

After the bill was referred to committees, its strength became daily more apparent.

The City Club, the Good Government clubs, the organization of women interested in the schools, two mass-meetings of citizens, the newspapers with an unusual approach to unanimity, all urged its passage. The Board of Education supported it, with a reservation in regard to the powers of trustees. Every one who appeared before the committees admitted that reform was needed, and no one opposed this particular reform except some of the men connected with the abuses which it seeks to terminate. Only one competing measure was introduced — the so-called BELL bill.

This provided that the Board of Education should consist of five commissioners, who should hold office for ten years, and receive a salary of $8000 a year, of whom three should be selected "for their business ability and knowledge of public school affairs," and who should pay $5000 a year to a counsel "of special practical experience and knowledge of school laws."

It was framed by two or three commissioners of education noted for their business ability and knowledge of public-school affairs, and a lawyer formerly counsel for the Board of Education, and thus possessed of special practical experience and knowledge of school laws.

For obvious reasons this bill never had any support except from its authors, and it has only served to delay and hinder the Committee of Seventy measure.

But neither the conceded need for school reform, nor the established merits of the Committee of Seventy bill, nor the weakness of the opposition to it, have induced the Legislature to act. After six weeks the bill still sleeps in committee.

There is no pending question in which the public interest is more involved. Even the police magistrates bill, important as it is, affects rather the individual justices than the organization of the courts. As the present judges leave the bench they may be replaced by better ones under the present law, but if the school bill does not pass, there is no hope for the development of public education. By no means, and by no men, can the schools be properly administered under the present system.

The welfare of the three hundred thousand children now in the schools, and of the millions who are to follow them, is at stake. The highest sense of duty and, so far as we can see, the narrowest partisanship alike call for the passage of the bill.

Why is it delayed?

DAIRY FARMERS AND THE PUBLIC.

AN article on physical development recently published in HARPER'S WEEKLY refers incidentally to the fact that animals in confinement very frequently die of consumption, and suggests that this is due more to the lack of physical exercise than to any other cause. Noting this suggestion, a correspondent writes to call attention to the manner in which cows are cared for during the winter in our best dairies. He says that while boarding on a large dairy farm near Minneapolis he observed, to his surprise, that the cows were kept in their stalls from the beginning to the close of winter—a period of several months in that latitude—without being allowed any opportunity whatever for exercise, and that since coming East he learns that the same plan has been adopted in the best dairies of New York. The proprietors of the dairies, he says, justify their action by alleging that the cows look healthy, and they fall back in the last resort on the assertion that, be it hygienic or unhygienic, it "is business" to care for the cows in this way.

If it be true, as would thus appear, that so harmful a custom as this is becoming widely prevalent, the subject is certainly worthy the attention of the Department of Agriculture. It can hardly be questioned that a cow stanchioned for months at a time in such a manner that she is hardly able to take a single step will be less robust and healthy, and more susceptible to disease, other things being equal, than one that is allowed a reasonable amount of out-of-door exercise. And the healthfulness of dairy cows is a matter of such vital importance to the entire public that the manner of caring for them might very properly be made the subject of official inquiry and legislative restriction. Particularly is this true in States where, as in New York, tuberculous cows are killed by order of the State veterinarian, and the owners reimbursed from the State treasury. Under such conditions it is plainly no more than just that owners of cows should be required to care for them in a way that will tend to ward off tuberculosis rather than to invite that disease.

But, quite aside from financial considerations, the interests of the milk-and-butter-consuming community make the same demand upon the owners of dairies even more imperatively. At the very best, there is a considerable element of danger to the community through infected milk and butter, and it is only right that this danger should be reduced to a minimum. This certainly cannot be accomplished if dairy cows are stabled continuously, and deprived of fresh air and exercise, for five or six months of the year. Even if such animals escape tuberculosis, and seem fat and healthy, and give a large quantity of milk, it can hardly be possible that they are really as healthy and vigorous as they should be, or that their milk is of the best quality.

ISMAIL PASHA, EX-KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.
Died March 2, 1895.

EX-KHEDIVE ISMAIL.

SHORT, squat, and fat, with scrubby red hair and beard, thick sensual lips, and coarse features, there was nevertheless something in the appearance of Khedive Ismail that impressed the stranger seeing him for the first time with a sense of his being a born ruler, a man of great brilliancy of intellect, as well as of innate refinement and dignity. In many particulars he resembled Napoleon III., at whose court he spent much of his time prior to his succeeding to the throne of his uncle Said, in 1863; and he had, perhaps unconsciously, adopted many of the peculiarities of manner of the French monarch.

If France is indebted to Napoleon III. for much of her present phenomenal prosperity, Egypt owes even more in this respect to Khedive Ismail, who transformed the Land of the Nile from a country sunk in the depths of Oriental barbarism into a state which in point of civilization, progress, and enlightenment is fully on a par with many of the secondary powers of Europe, the present standard of education in Egypt being distinctly higher than that of either Portugal or Servia.

Although I was brought many times into communication with the ex-Khedive, until the time that he took up his abode definitely at Constantinople, in 1886, yet there are three interviews that have remained most vividly impressed upon my mind. One was my first dinner party at the Palace of Abdeen, in the early part of the seventies. I had been presented to the Khedive in the afternoon of that day by his intimate friend and crony, the late Duke of Sutherland, and had been astonished by the knowledge which he displayed of Japan, a country from which I had then just returned, and about which little was known even in Europe at the time. In the evening I was among the early arrivals, and after paying my respects to his Highness, had the opportunity of observing the manner in which he welcomed the remainder of the guests as they were conducted up stairs one by one by the chamberlains on duty. The foreigners were treated with a mixture of *bonhomie* and dignity which was really very winning and European. But one was reminded a moment after of the fact that the palace was that of an Oriental ruler by the abject cringing manner in which the native dignitaries made their obeisance to the "Effendina," as he was called. From the moment they got to the top of the stairs their backs were bent almost double, and it was in that position that they approached the Khedive and humbly kissed the hem of his coat before retreating backwards to some distant corner of the room. Even Nubar Pasha, the Prime Minister, and Ismail's own son, Tewfik, paid homage to him in this manner, which was rendered all the more unpleasant to witness by the species of contempt and utter indifference with which it was received by Ismail.

The next scene that comes back to my mind was at Constantinople, on the occasion of one of the periodical visits of Ismail to the Sultan. The Commander of the Faithful, as an extraordinary act of condescension, had consented to attend an entertainment given in his honor by his powerful and wealthy vassal at the latter's Bosporus Palace. The function took place on a particularly hot summer afternoon, and when the Padishah arrived on horseback he was met outside the gates of the park surrounding the palace by the Khedive, who greeted him by kissing his foot and then the hem of his coat, with every token of the deepest humility and respect. In response to this manifestation of servility, the Sultan merely uttered a few half-contemptuous words, and with a slight nod set his horse at an amble, continuing the while to let fall in a very condescending manner a few remarks to the Khedive, who was forced in consequence, notwithstanding his fat and the heat, to run by the side of the Sultan's horse, panting and perspiring in a very grotesque manner. On reaching the palace the Sultan dined alone on dishes and plates of pure gold, served by Ismail and his sons, and at the close of the repast the entire service of gold was tied up in the superb embroidered table-cloth, and confided to the Sultan's attendants for conveyance to the Yildiz Kiosk, as a humble offering from the Khedive to his suzerain.

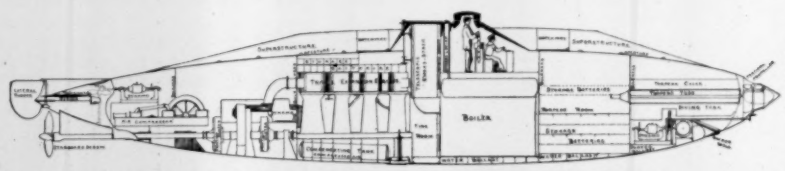
The last occasion on which I saw Khedive Ismail was four years after his deposition and exile. It was just before his departure for Constantinople, where he ended his days in a species of gilded captivity, never being permitted to leave his palace or to receive any of his foreign friends. He was living at the time at the Villa Telfner at Rome, and had aged considerably. He was as kind and as genial as ever. His remarks were as witty and as shrewd; but there was a touch of bitterness in his conversation which I had never noticed before, but which was not surprising when one recalled the treatment to which he had been subjected by his former subjects, even by his own son, and by all those European royalties who had been so splendidly entertained by him when they had visited Egypt during his period of power. Almost every European court, save that of King Humbert, was closed to him after his deposition in 1879. He was welcome nowhere, and I often think that the mysterious and unexplained cause of his withdrawal to the shores of the Bosporus was to escape the slights and indignities to which he was subjected in western Europe.

EX-DIPLOMAT.

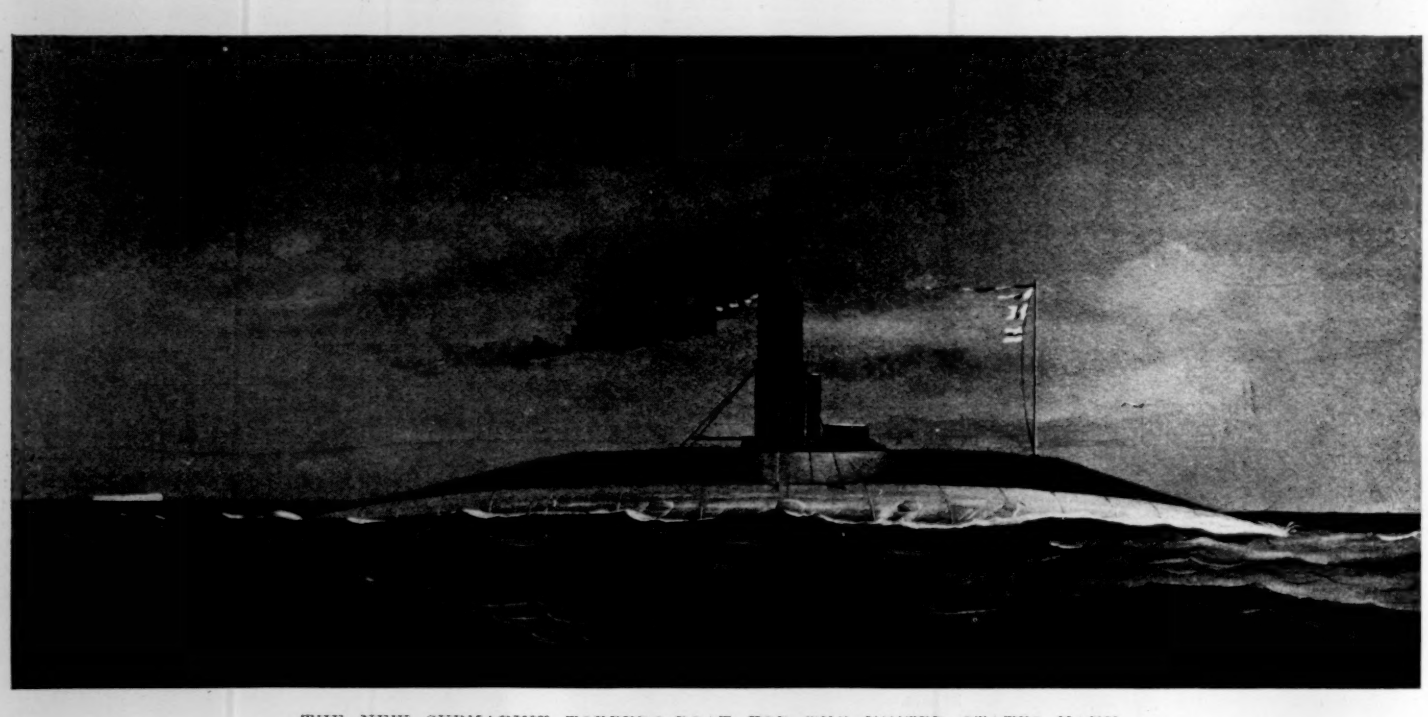
PRINCE ALEXANDER LOBANOFF.

PRINCE LOBANOFF'S nomination to the Chancellorship of the Russian Empire marks the inauguration of a new era in Muscovite politics. M. de Giers was content with a perfectly passive rôle while at the head of the Department of Foreign Affairs, leaving all the initiative to the late Czar, who retained in his own hands the direction of Russia's international relations; while Prince Gortschakoff —at any rate, during the last decade of his life—was so much absorbed by questions concerning his failing health and by his quest for pleasure that he had but little time to devote to the affairs of state, the administration of which he abandoned to subordinates, who were naturally afraid to assume any responsibility. Prince Alexander Lobanoff Rostovski, however, is a man of a very different stamp. Masterful in character, cool-headed, and clear-sighted, he is not likely to permit himself to be swayed by any one—not even by the Czar himself—from the course which, upon mature reflection, he has decided to be the right one to adopt. Unlike the majority of his countrymen, he never gives way to impulse, never loses his temper, and never manifests any of that passionate enthusiasm to which the Slavs are so prone. Nothing ever seems to disturb his equanimity, while his independence of character is something absolutely unique in a Russian. Possessed of a vast fortune, as well as of a lineage which, extending back to Rurik, is, from a Russian point of view, superior even to that of the Emperor, he regards himself as fully the latter's equal as far as blood and ancestry are concerned. I have known Prince Lobanoff, when Ambassador at Vienna, to receive a telegram from the Grand-Duke Nicolas Nicolaievitch, in which that brother of Alexander II. announced the hour of his arrival, and demanded that Prince Lobanoff should meet him at the station. Without betraying any sign of irritation at the arrogant tone of the despatch, he contented himself with sending an attaché to the terminus to meet the Grand-Duke, and to inform him that he would be pleased to see him at the embassy. He would not even call upon Nicolas at his hotel, but waited at home to receive the visit of his Imperial Highness, whom he greeted on the threshold of his library with that urbanity which characterizes his manner to high and low alike. Not a word of apology did he offer for having neglected to obey the behests of the Grand-Duke, and that the latter might be under no misapprehension as to the receipt of his message, he had taken care to lay the telegraphic despatch on the desk in such a manner that its contents could not fail to catch the eye of any one entering the room. The Grand-Duke took his lesson meekly, nor did he ever take more trouble than on this occasion to express his regard for the ambassador, who subsequently heard privately from St. Petersburg that Alexander III. had been delighted with the snub administered to his uncle.

PRINCE ALEXANDER LOBANOFF ROSTOVSKI,
The new Chancellor of the Russian Empire.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF TORPEDO-BOAT IN SUBMERGED CONDITION.



THE NEW SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY.
DRAWN BY ROBERT G. SKERRETT.—[SEE PAGE 246.]

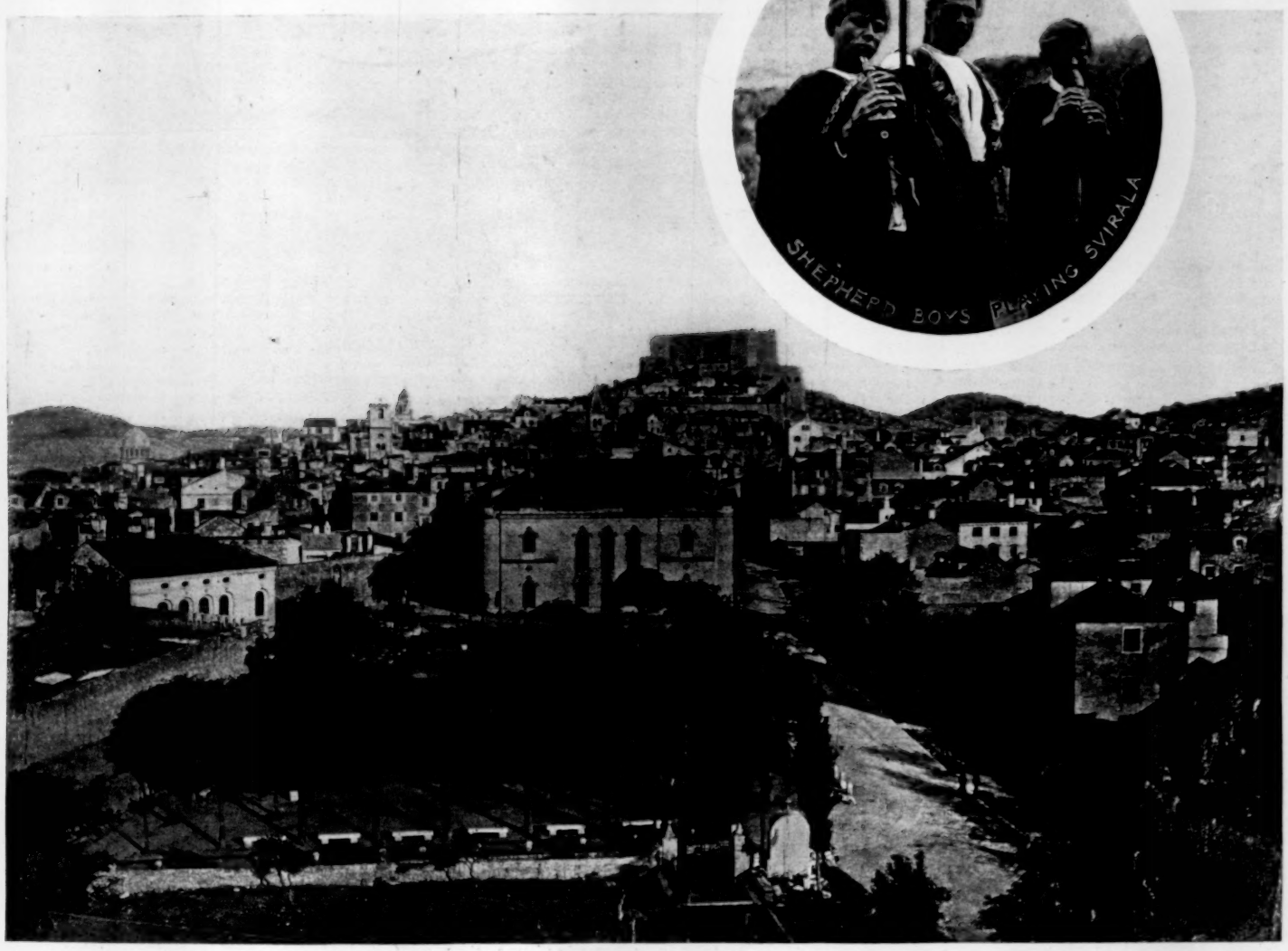
AWAITING OUR ARRIVAL AT SCARDONA.

FAÇADE OF CATHEDRAL, SEBENICO.

WOMEN OF THE SEBENZANI.

ON THE WHARF, SEBENICO.

GENERAL VIEW OF SEBENICO.



THE PUBLIC SQUARE, SEBENICO.

ALONG THE DALMATIAN COAST.—[See Page 247.]

Prince Lobanoff is unmarried. An acquaintance with him extending over some twenty years leads me to believe that his persistent bachelorhood is attributable less to the coldness of heart and epicureanism with which he is credited than to a certain romantic episode at Constantinople in the early sixties, and which led him to resign at the time his ambassadorship to the Porte to become, a couple of years later, Governor-General of the province of Orel. It was while acting in this capacity that he earned the favor of Alexander II. by the intelligence and breadth of view which he displayed in carrying through the many liberal reforms inaugurated by that ill-fated monarch—notably the liberation of the serfs. So pleased was the Czar that he promoted Prince Lobanoff to the post of Secretary of State for the Department of the Interior, where he remained until sent back to Constantinople after the peace of San Stefano in 1878. From thence he was transferred to London, where, however, he found neither climate nor people congenial, and therefore quickly secured his removal to Vienna, where he has remained since that time. Not above middle height, and disposed towards embonpoint, he is remarkably well preserved for his age, which is slightly in excess of the threescore years and ten assigned by the Psalmist as the natural term of a man's life. His features are clean-cut, and both his hair and mustache were formerly coal-black, but are now white. His manner is entirely free from pomposity or arrogance, urbane and *bon enfant* in the extreme, and, with all that, so dignified, so thoroughly *grand seigneur*, that no one would ever dream of taking any liberties with him. I do not think he cares much for society *per se*, though he delights in the companionship of clever people, and at Vienna and in London his hospitalities were more eclectic than extensive. His one hobby, to which he devotes much time and money, is the hunting up of relics of Mary Queen of Scots.

It is probable that his future policy will be favorable to an understanding on the part of Russia with the Triple Alliance rather than with France or Great Britain. Distinguished for the breadth and progressiveness of his views, and for his tolerance, it may safely be taken for granted that he will exercise a predominant influence upon the young Czar, and for the good and not for the evil of Russia.

EX-DIPLOMAT.

MONEY, CURRENCY, AND BANKING.

II.

MONEY is a vehicle. It carries exchanges. It has also been likened to a tool, because with it men transact business. Melted down it may be sold by weight, as coffee, tea, or sugar is sold. Men collect coins, it is true. Some coins are artistic, while others have historical or antiquarian interest; but a sovereign or a dollar, considered as money, has merely the power of purchasing articles which men need or enjoy. A man might possess a bank full of money, but he would go hungry or naked for all that if there were no food or raiment for him to buy with his store.

Money was invented for men's convenience. All great economic truth is essentially the same wherever it is applied. The same laws govern the small trading of the simplest community and the large and complicated transactions of countries like the United States, Great Britain, France, and Germany. The great fundamental truth about money is that it must not be doubted. A coined piece should have a definite value, a universally recognized significance. When it does not mean the same thing to the man who sells as to the man who buys, it ceases to be able to perform its functions perfectly. In a small community there is a man who grows wheat, another who raises sheep and clips them for their wool, one who is a butcher, one who makes cloth, one who is a tailor. If barter prevailed, the farmer, when he wanted a coat, would be obliged to carry his wheat, after it was grown, to the tailor, and exchange it for a coat. A good deal of time and labor would be wasted in this process. But if the tailor happened to be supplied with all the wheat that he wanted, the farmer would be in a still more uncomfortable plight. He would be obliged to carry his wheat from one neighbor to another, until he found one who wanted his wheat, and who had something to give in exchange which the tailor wanted. Then he could procure his coat. Money does away with all this trouble. It facilitates exchange. With money in his purse, the farmer would give the tailor the price that he demanded, and the tailor would accept the money because he would know that at any time it would procure for him, in whatever products he might desire, the worth of the coat which he had sold to the farmer. This is the first essential of money, that the man who receives it for what he has to sell shall know that it will always and anywhere procure for him just as much value as that with which he has parted. In a community where all the people know and trust one another almost anything might pass for money. But when any member of the community wanted to buy something in a neighboring village where he was not known, he would be obliged to offer his products in exchange, or money in which the person of whom he wished to buy had confidence.

This is why money must have intrinsic value. There are various kinds of money or currency, money and currency being confused along with other things that go to make up the mystery of finance. Money itself is real. Currency may be merely a representative of money. We are coming to the consideration of that point in another article. Money is coined metal, and it is necessary that it shall be composed of material that is valuable in itself; that is, which can be melted down and sold for other coin or products for very nearly the sum which is expressed on its face, and that its value shall be stable. As it is the instrument with which exchanges are carried on, it is a standard of value. It is that in which the farmer expresses the worth of his wheat, and the tailor expresses the worth of his coat. Some modern writers on finance, whose books are circulating just now in various parts of this country, are denying this attribute to money. But this is one of the paths by which men wander away from clear reasoning into the haze of the "currency question." It is sufficient for the mind that is trying to get at the truth to remember that we say in our common speech that a bushel of wheat is worth a certain part of a dollar; that it used to be worth a full dollar; that a house or a horse is worth so many dollars; and that we can gratify our desire for any article of merchandise only by giving for it as many dollars as its owner believes will enable him, in turn, to procure something of equal value that he desires. Therefore it is essential that the significance of a dollar should be definite and certain. Moreover, there cannot be dollars or sovereigns made from two metals that not only differ in value, but one of which is frequently changing in value, so that no fixed relationship can be established between the two.

Suppose, for example, in the simple community which we have imagined, that a dollar in gold was intrinsically worth 100 cents, and that the dollar in silver was worth 50 cents, both being legal tenders, would the farmer like to sell a gold dollar's worth of wheat for a silver dollar? Would he not know that his wheat would thereby be worth less in coats or groceries, or any other commodities that he might need? But the tailor would pay him in silver, and he, in turn, would pay the person whom he owed in the cheap metal. The gold would be hoarded and sent to the neighboring village where it was respected, while the people of this neighboring village would scrape together all the silver they could find in order to pay their debts with it to those who accepted silver as current money. The consequence is that silver would grow cheaper and cheaper; it would buy less and less; finally the neighbors of those who employed it as money would cease to trust them, the payment of debts would be demanded, the sheriff would be busy with foreclosure sales, and commerce and trade would fall off.

Money must be honest. The business of the world depends upon the general recognition that money tells the truth on its face. And gold alone receives that general recognition. Even silver countries prefer to receive gold. Some silver Senators insist in their contracts that they shall be paid in gold. It does not matter what ought to be thought of silver; gold is the only metal in which there is universal confidence.

H. L. N.

A SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT.

STILL seeking for other methods of destruction, less obtrusive but no less powerful than those already compassed by our modern fighting-ships, the Navy Department, authorized by act of Congress approved March 3, 1893, is about to contract with the Holland Torpedo-boat Company, of New York, for the construction of a submarine torpedo-boat, to cost, completed, $150,000.

In the present craft, Mr. J. P. Holland, the designer, has embodied the fruit of foreign investigation as well as the result of a personal experience covering a period of twenty years, and including the successful construction of four other vessels of a similar type.

The boat is a cigar-shaped structure of steel, eighty feet long, with an egg-shaped cross-section, the larger end upward, having a maximum diameter of eleven feet, and stanch enough to withstand hydrostatic pressure at a depth of seventy-five feet, a reasonable factor of safety still remaining. Within, for three-fourths of her total length from her bow aftward, she will be strengthened by an inner hull, between which and her outer skin she will be divided into water-tight compartments for the storage of fuel and water ballast.

Slightly forward of the centre of the vessel there will be an armored conning-tower of Harveyized steel eight inches thick, behind which rises an armored tube containing, concentrically, the air-shaft and smoke-stack, housing hydraulically, and made water-tight by a thick metal cover swung into place and fastened by internal mechanism; and between the smoke-stack and the conning-tower a small tube, also water-tight, carries the telescopic camera-lucida, by which the navigator may sight and watch the enemy while the rest of the submarine boat lies three feet below the surface. Tapering armor about the only exposed position in the awash condition gives reasonable protection against small shot from rapid-fire guns, while the submergence of three feet would shield the body of the craft. To give an easy entrance and passage through the water, a ship-shaped superstructure encloses the conning-tower, smoke-stack, folding-boats, and hatchways, thus reducing the resistance that these objects might offer when the boat was running awash in the submerged state.

Steam, by the means of triple-expansion engines and twin screws, will be the motive power for both of the surface conditions, while electricity from storage batteries will be the source of energy for submerged runs. The small propellers in the wells at the ends, driven by electricity, are designed to produce rapid perpendicular submergence without headway. The horizontal rudders, one on each side aft, control vertical direction while under way, lateral motion being effected by the single vertical rudder.

A feature of this craft is her reserve buoyancy, *i. e.*, a constant tendency to rise, amounting at the minimum to an effort equal to 375 pounds; and submergence can be induced only by the application of force, either through the action of the horizontal rudders while the boat is moving, or by the power of the vertical propellers, driving downward, when the vessel is at rest. Never, save by accident, would the boat sink through her own weight.

The movement of a man from one part of the craft to another might seriously alter her trim and affect the manœuvring qualities, and this must be guarded against. By a skilful application of internal forces, petroleum burned, exhausted stores, expended ammunition, and the altered position of weights are immediately compensated for by water ballast admitted to a position of corresponding leverage distance from the centre of gravity; and in that way the total weight of the vessel and her equilibrium are carefully preserved. Stored away in large manganese-bronze tanks, under pressure of 2000 pounds to the square inch, compressed air, besides supplying pure air to the crew during the maximum submerged run of six hours, will work wonders in this boat.

The hatchways and dead-lights in the sides will afford air and light respectively when the vessel is running as shown in the picture view, while foul air will be pumped out, and the vessel illuminated by electricity when submerged. Should accident happen and the boat be unable to rise, the vessel can be allowed to fill with water till the external water pressure be balanced, when the companionway doors may be opened without difficulty, and the men, who in the mean time have put on Fleuss's diving-helmets, can rise to the surface.

In the light condition—that shown in picture—the vessel will make fifteen knots, and in the awash condition—*i. e.*, with three feet of water over the hull proper and the superstructure about a foot above amidships, she will be able to maintain a speed of fourteen knots for twelve hours upon her supply of fuel. In the submerged condition she will make eight knots an hour, and have an endurance of six hours.

Within a minute from the time the order is given and the foe sighted—the vessel running light—the smoke-stack may be housed and covered, the furnaces closed air-tight, and the boat twenty feet below the water's surface, and speeding along to deliver blows from either of her two bow torpedo-tubes. Excepting for a brief and momentary appearance upon the surface for the correction of course, in which time she would never be exposed long enough for effective gun practice, an enemy would be oblivious of her presence. And it takes but little imagination to picture the awful destruction this craft might spread, tearing large holes in the bottom of lightly plated vessels by bumping with her armored conning-tower, or blowing into the vitals of heavier ships by torpedo attack.

As Chief-Constructor Hichborn says, "Even though this vessel be not a perfect success, she may mean to future fighting-ships and methods of naval warfare what the much-doubted *Monitor* has proved to our present navy."

R. G. SKERRETT.

THE NORTH RIVER BRIDGE.

THE idea of building a bridge across the North River has been a favorite theme for discussion with both engineers and capitalists for a number of years, but has never assumed such a definite shape as at the present time.

The desirability of a bridge is beyond question, and the engineering difficulties have never seriously stood in the way of this project. Given ample funds, the engineer has always stood ready to surmount every obstacle. But how much money can be given him and allow a sufficient margin over operating expenses to yield a reasonable return upon the investment?

An approximate answer to the question may be obtained by a consideration of the present traffic. According to the most conservative estimates 85,000,000 people use the North River ferries every year. The number using the East River ferries is 89,000,000, and the Brooklyn Bridge carries 43,000,000. Hence nearly one-third of the traffic is carried by the Bridge, and this number might be largely increased by improved facilities.

From these data we should be able to count upon at least 28,000,000 passengers per year if the bridge terminus were downtown. Being so far uptown a much smaller percentage of the suburban trade will use it.

The yearly number of passengers arriving at the Grand Central Station is 12,250,000, or about 70 per cent. of all arriving in the city from through trains. A large proportion of this traffic will be diverted by the through accommodations the other roads will be able to provide when the bridge is built. The minimum estimate that has been made places the yearly number of passengers paying toll across the bridge at 14,000,000.

The daily arrivals of milk, flour, meal, and produce are 857 cars. Adding to this a small allowance for express, we get at least 1000 cars a day.

From these items alone we get the possible revenue to be as follows:

14,000,000 passengers at 15 cents	$2,100,000
350,000 cars at $4	1,400,000
Total gross revenue	3,500,000
Repairs, taxes, and sundries (about 36 per cent.)	1,250,000
Net income	$2,250,000

On a five per cent. basis this makes an investment of $45,000,000 a safe and conservative one.

The above estimates are made by a representative of the company proposing to build the bridge, and may safely be considered to be below the true results. In the first place, they totally ignore the probable increase of traffic due to the facilities afforded by such a bridge. This increase will be great in all lines, but will be particularly marked in suburban travel. Lack of ease of communication has handicapped suburban growth in New Jersey for years, which cause will be removed by the bridge. Furthermore, the rapid progress of the business centre of New York uptown makes a terminal at Forty-second Street by no means as disadvantageous as it was a few years ago.

Of the 85,000,000 passengers crossing the North River ferries a large percentage are through travellers who will all use the bridge. This fact is disregarded.

The smallest bridge in contemplation is a six-track structure capable of handling an enormous traffic, and if a suspension-bridge is built it can be made adaptable to almost any amount of traffic. The capacity of the bridge being thus ample, it is not at all certain that it will never be called upon to carry heavy freight. The present number of freight-cars handled at the New Jersey terminals is 4672 a day, or 1,700,000 per year. Because this enormous bulk of freight is now handled by floats at sea-level it is by no means certain that, whatever its development, it will continue to be so handled. On the contrary, it is but reasonable to suppose that a considerable proportion will find its way across the bridge into the city proper.

From all of these facts it can hardly be doubted that the bridge would pay a fair revenue upon $60,000,000 instead of $45,000,000. The terminal facilities, right of way, etc., are estimated to cost $22,500,000, leaving available a minimum sum for building the bridge proper of $22,500,000. Can it be built for that sum?

This question has received a great deal of attention during the past eighteen months, but was debated years ago. In December, 1891, a bridge project was approved by the Secretary of War. The bridge was of the suspension type, and designed in all its details by Mr. G. Lindenthal, Chief Engineer of the North River Bridge Company. Being a suspension-bridge, and therefore in no way interfering with the navigation of the river, permission was granted to locate it anywhere between the Battery and the northern city limits. A location at Twenty-third Street was chosen out of consideration of the revenue to be derived from the suburban traffic, although a location much farther north would have cheapened the structure by several millions of dollars.

The bridge was designed to carry eight tracks, and had facilities for adding six more. The estimated cost of the bridge and its approaches was about $40,000,000, and an attempt was being made to finance the undertaking when the depression of 1891 began, and the whole scheme has

since remained in abeyance. It may safely be said that this bridge would now be in process of construction but for the stringency of the money market. It is not the difficulty of getting capitalists to invest $40,000,000 in this project, but their reluctance to invest that sum in any project whatever at present, that prevents the commencement of operations. This bridge may therefore be considered as a possibility of the future, the only impediment being the question of finance.

The current aspect of the problem involves both financial and engineering questions. Realizing the difficulty of building such an expensive structure, an attempt has been made to design a cheaper bridge of the cantilever type. For this purpose two companies were organized, which, since they represent about the same men, may be styled the New York and New Jersey Bridge Company. One company got a charter in New York, the other in New Jersey. The former charter forbids the construction of a pier in the river, the latter does not. As the jurisdiction of New York ceases at the mid-channel line, it thus becomes possible, so far as State authority is concerned, to build a pier on the Jersey side of the channel, and with a singe span of about 2000 feet reach inside the New York pier-head line.

But here the control of the United States over navigable waters steps in, and government consent must be obtained before any such structure can be built. A bill permitting the erection of a pier passed both Houses of Congress, but was vetoed by President Cleveland, who took the broad view that the interests of navigation in the magnificent roadstead of the North River were too important to be sacrificed if it were possible to avoid it. But they might be sacrificed to the demands of commerce as a whole if it were definitely shown that a bridge without a pier was impracticable.

Here were two questions to be settled: one of expediency as to the pier bridge; the other as to the engineering possibility of building the bridge without a pier. The bridge company secured the passage of a bill providing for an expert commission to decide the first question. The War Department, for its own information and to settle the other question definitely from a scientific stand-point, appointed a second commission.

The second board was appointed first, in January, 1894, and consisted of Major C. W. Raymond, Captain W. H. Bixby, and Lieutenant Edward Burr, all of the Corps of Engineers, U.S.A.

The instructions of this board were "to investigate and report their conclusions as to the maximum length of span practicable for suspension-bridges, and consistent with an amount of traffic probably sufficient to warrant the expense of construction"; and incidentally they were required to report upon "strength of materials, loads, foundations, wind pressure, oscillations, and bracing."

The first commission was appointed by the President, and at their first meeting, June 25, 1894, organized as follows: Major C. W. Raymond, Corps of Engineers, U.S.A., chairman; Messrs. G. Bouscaren, W. H. Burr, and George S. Morison, with Mr. Theodore Cooper, secretary.

Their instructions were to "recommend what length of span, not less than 2000 feet, would be safe and practicable for a railroad bridge to be constructed over said river," with the limitation that the bridge was to be located between Fifty-ninth and Sixty-ninth streets.

The report of the Presidential commission bears the date of August 23, 1894, and may be briefly summarized as follows:

The width between pier-head lines within the given limits is practically 3100 feet. The minimum span admissible is 2000 feet. As a preliminary conclusion it was decided that the span must be 2000 feet or the entire length, as a pier in the river more than 2000 feet from the New York line would still more seriously interfere with navigation than one at that distance. The demands of commerce during construction forbade consideration of any but the cantilever and suspension types. A cantilever of 3100 feet span is practicable; so also is a suspension-bridge.

The estimates of cost for the three types of bridges are as follows:

2000-FEET CLEAR-SPAN CANTILEVER.

East anchorage	$431,000
East pier	3,464,000
West pier	9,710,000
West anchorage	1,038,000
240,000,000 pounds steel at 4½ cents	10,800,000
Total	$25,443,000

3100-FEET CLEAR-SPAN CANTILEVER.

East anchorage	$431,000
East pier	8,660,000
West pier	8,660,000
West anchorage	527,000
730,000,000 pounds steel at 4½ cents	32,850,000
Total	$51,128,000

SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.

Substructure	$14,684,000
190,000,000 pounds steel at 4½ cents	8,550,000
70,737,500 pounds wire at 8 cents	5,659,000
Viaduct	1,850,000
Total	$30,743,000

The enormous cost of the longer cantilever at once put it out of consideration, and it remained to choose between the shorter span, with a pier in the river, and the suspension-bridge. The difference in cost is more striking in appearance than in reality, for the construction of the cantilever involves the erection of a pier in mid-river with a foundation 260 feet below the sea-level, or more than 100 feet deeper than has ever before been attempted. Such a feat may doubtless be considered as possible, but it involves so large a contingent fund that the difference in cost might be easily wiped out. In the suspension-bridge, on the other hand, there is nothing unknown. Although the dimensions of the bridge are far greater than those of any existing structure they are all calculable, and may be considered as determinate in cost without any question as to contingencies. The foundations would be only 125 feet deep. Furthermore, a suspension-bridge can be made readily adaptable to increased traffic demand, which a cantilever cannot.

In view of all these facts the board practically recommended the suspension-bridge with a span of 3200 feet for adoption.

To make this conclusion decisive as to the type of bridge to be selected, there was only needed the report of the Army Board as to the practicability of building long-span suspension-bridges. This report is dated September 29, 1894, and reaches the same conclusions as the report just discussed so far as the same ground is covered. The theory of suspension-bridges is elaborately treated, and the conclusion reached that not only is a bridge of 3200 feet span practicable, but one 4335 feet long is within the limits of possibility. This unanimity of opinion on the part of the highest engineering authority in this country settles at once the question of the engineering feasibility of a suspension-bridge across the North River in the affirmative.

In the matter of financial practicability the two boards again agree, although the Army Board has taken a broader field, and instead of confining itself to comparative estimates, has felt free to compute the cost of a suspension-bridge in the most favorable location and at a market basis as to prices of materials. The conclusion is that a suspension-bridge adapted to six tracks can be built for $23,000,000.

Since the reports of both boards have been approved, it is probable that no bridge will be built across the North River that is not of the suspension type. The engineering possibility of such a structure is settled, its advantages to commerce are manifest, and a glance at the estimates of cost and those of possible revenue will show that it is financially a practicable scheme. Whether it will ever be built, and if so, how soon, is a question more difficult to settle. The company has advertised for bids for the bridge represented in our illustration on another page of this issue.

But it is a cause for congratulation that the preliminary steps have been taken, and the clouds enshrouding the inception of such an unparalleled engineering feat cleared away.

THE DALMATIAN COAST.

BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL.

SOME fifty miles to the south of Zara, the capital of Dalmatia, lies the picturesque old city of Sebenico. As you approach the harbor from the Adriatic you cannot fail to be impressed with the admirable judgment displayed by the ancient robbers and pirates who founded the city in choosing the situation for their stronghold.

Between you and the broad sheet of still blue water which reflects the quaint old houses, towers, and castles of the ancient city is stretched an apparently impenetrable rocky barrier. Presently, however, the steamer reaches a narrow cleft in the rock close under an old Venetian fortress, above which the lion of St. Mark still keeps guard, proudly ignoring the fact that the town has long since ceased to be his to guard.

The opening in the rocks is barely wide enough to admit of the passage of the steamer, which slowly and cautiously makes its way through the tortuous channel to the beautiful harbor, on the farther side of which, piled up against the side of the mountain, are the picturesque old houses and gray walls of the city, overshadowed and commanded by the massive battlements of the old castle of St. Anna, built on the highest point of the town; while far above, on the mountain-side, where the old robbers were used to watch the sea for ships which they might plunder, are the two other castles of Barone.

Our steamer made fast to the stone quay, where a group of sullen-looking men in picturesque costumes stood regarding us with mild curiosity. Their little red caps, which are not bigger than the palm of your hand, and have a dab of black fringe over the right ear, are worn jauntily upon the side of their heads, and are held in place by elastic bands; their red or blue waistcoats are decorated with silver ornaments and coins, and display two rows of large silver filigree buttons hanging pendent from little silver chains. Rough, shaggy jackets or cloaks covered with bunches of woollen fringe, and trousers of a coarse blue or brown homespun material roughly made, but gayly worked at the pockets, drawn tight to the leg, and often fastened up the back of the calf with a row of small silver buttons or hooks; and on their feet the *opanka*—a kind of moccasin or sandal made of a piece of rawhide turned up and fastened together at the toe, and laced over the instep with leathern thongs. Above this is worn a kind of spat of gay embroidery reaching above the ankle, completing the adornments of a Dalmatian gallant. Not long ago the *morlak*, or countryman of this part of the world, used to tie his hair up behind in a tight little pigtail, and wear his shirt outside of his trousers; but few of the Dalmatians of to-day adhere to this old custom.

Sebenico is filled with picturesque bits of architecture, carved doorways, sculptured coats of arms on the gray walls, and quaint mullioned windows looking out on the steep narrow streets, while the oft-recurring lion of St. Mark is a constant reminder of the days of Venetian supremacy. At one end of the town is the public square, with rude wooden benches beneath the trees, where the old people sit in the sun and gossip, and the young people sit in the moonlight and make love; and toward the other end is the old cathedral, lit by its great dome, rising from the stone roof one hundred feet above the transept, with its richly carved marbles in the church and baptisterium. Opposite the cathedral, and separated from it by an open square, is the old Loggia, formerly the town-hall, but now doing duty as a third-class café. This open square is the favorite promenade of the women of Sebenico, and on feast-days they deck themselves in all their finery, and walk up and down in little groups of two or three all the afternoon, for the delectation of the Sebenzani gallants, who sit on the stone seats by the side of the cathedral, or at the little tables of the café opposite, and placidly smoke and watch the show.

The women of Sebenico have a costume peculiar to themselves, consisting of a short blue or black pleated skirt, with a dark bodice worn over a white chemise with flowing sleeves. The front of the bodice is laced with a heavy silk cord of any bright color which may suit the fancy of the wearer; young girls and unmarried woman have a white linen front beautifully clean and starched to cover the bosom, while the married women wear crimson or figured velvet instead of the linen, and when they have a great many children they proclaim their pride in their maternal achievements to the appreciative public by exchanging their crimson for black. The hair is worn twisted up in a knot at the back of the head, with a wisp of white cloth braided into it, and covered with a white *panno* fastened like a turban, with long pendent ends behind. The effect of the costume is greatly injured by the almost universal adoption in cool weather of a sort of knit cardigan jacket, which conceals the picturesque white flowing sleeves.

From Sebenico to the Kerka Falls is about twelve miles, and is a picturesque trip by boat, winding along up the river through bluffs and bare rocks of a yellow or orange color, which widen out as the river expands into the broad stretch known as Lake Prokljan, above which is Scardona, with its white church tower and the ruins of an old castle on a higher crag lifting themselves above the olive-trees which embower the little town. There is not much left of Scardona. Since the seventh century Latins, Slavs, Croatians, Venetians, Hungarians, and Turks have successively fought for it, gained it, and held brief sway over it; and, as if these devastating wars and demoralizing changes of ownership were not enough to discourage the little town, it has several times been sacked and burned by the neighboring cities of the coast on account of the piratical habits of its citizens; and now fever, which rises from a stagnant marsh back of the town, has set its mark upon them, and is doing its best to dispose of the few remaining inhabitants. If the traveller finds but little to see in Scardona to-day he can comfort himself by reflecting that he has at least afforded a pleasurable excitement in the lives of its citizens by visiting them, as visits from the outside world are of rare occurrence, and are regarded as an occasion for a general holiday and merrymaking. When we first caught sight of Scardona it had the appearance of a deserted village, not a soul being in sight; as we approached, a few of the more alert citizens appeared running towards the wharf. When we had landed we were followed through the streets by at least half the population of the little hamlet, and even the Italians who were playing *mora* in the dark basements of the little wine-shops came out from their dens and joined the cortége; and by the time we were ready to depart on our way to the falls, every man, woman, and child in the place was on the wharf to see us off.

From Scardona you ascend the river through another rocky gorge, on the right of which rises Mount Tartaro, where the grapes for the Tartaro wine, which is highly esteemed in Dalmatia, are grown. Here and there along the desertlike banks of the river is seen a miserable little hovel, which serves as shelter for the shepherds who tend the flocks of lean sheep and goats, which the Dalmatians say feed on stones, and there is certainly nothing in the appearance of these wretched animals which would appear to contradict this statement.

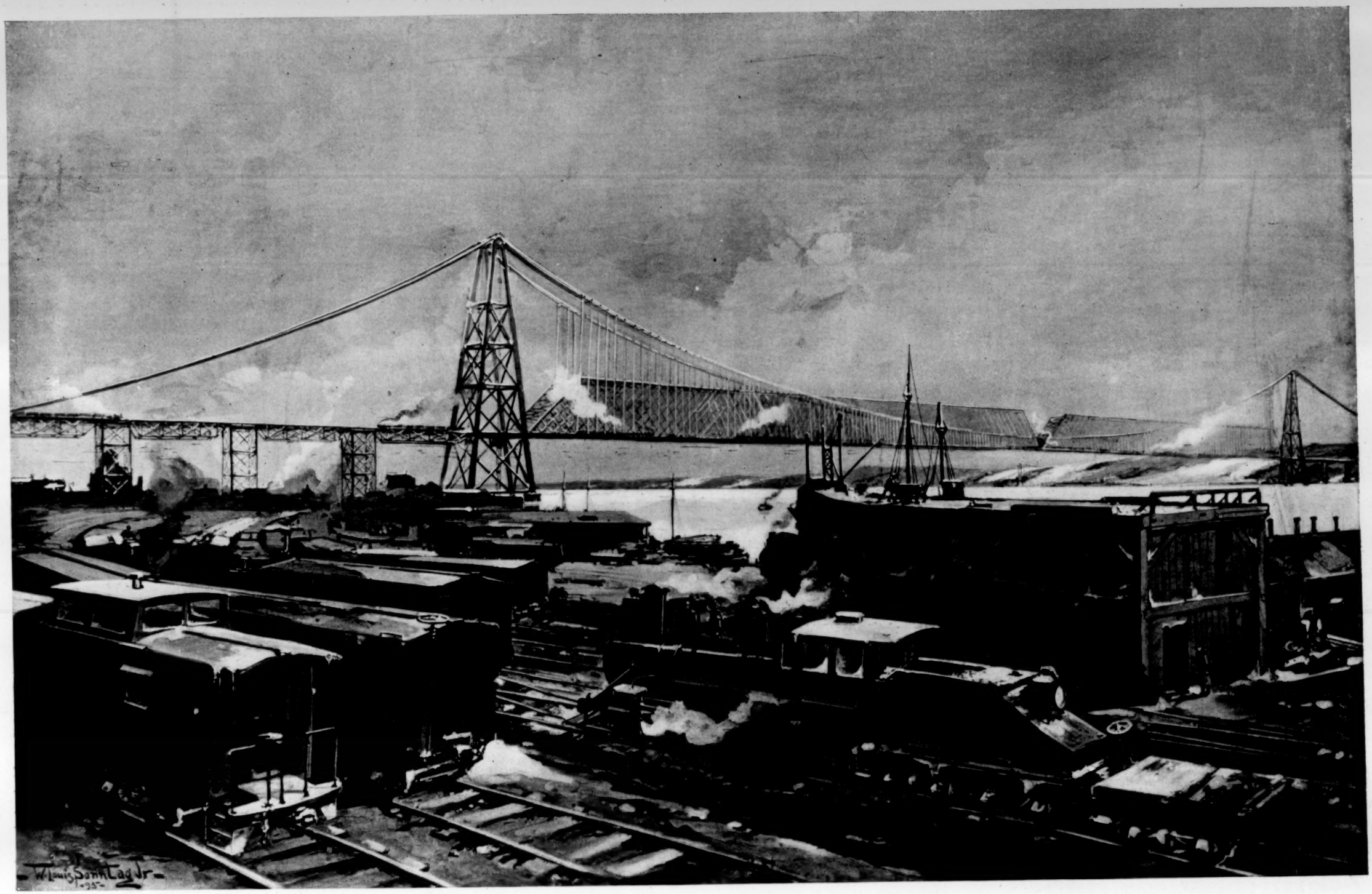
A sudden turn in the stream reveals the end of the gorge, where the sparkling waters of the falls of Kerka find an outlet from their narrow channel, and go rushing and foaming over the rocks, forcing their way between the little wooded islands and clumps of luxuriant foliage that stretch across the pass between the two ranges of sterile mountains. Here and there nestles a rude little cabin, whose occupants appear at our approach, and regard us with silent curiosity. The boys who tend the sheep and goats on the hills near by leave their flocks to their own devices, and come down to reap a harvest of small-change by piping to us on their rudely carved wooden whistles, or *scirala*, as they name them, or offer us pieces of stalactite formation which they find in the small caverns about the falls.

The total height of the falls is about one hundred and sixty feet, although nowhere do they descend in any great volume, but spread the entire width of the valley, springing from the hills above in a series of leaps over rocky steps from ten to thirty feet in height, twisting and turning as they come down, so that at no one point can you see the entire descent.

Higher up, beyond the point where the ranges of barren hills almost close together, is the lake of Vissovay, where, on a little wooded island, a few Franciscan monks spend peaceful lives in their little convent in the midst of the waters. Above the lake you can trace the river as it comes rushing down between the hills on its way from Mount Dinara, about twenty miles beyond, where it issues with a bound from a dark cavern in the mountain-side. The water from the falls has within a few years been applied to a pumping-station which affords Sebenico a plentiful supply of the wholesome river water, and now the enterprising inhabitants of that city, under the guidance of the Austrian government, which has done so much for the improvement and development of its Dalmatian province, are building a power-house here which will generate electricity to be carried over the hills by wires to light the narrow streets of the old town. Towards evening we return to Sebenico, and find the streets thronged with promenaders in their gayest costume, as it is Whit-Monday.

Beside the gray walls of the old Duomo, on a low stone bench, were seated a little group of the Sebenzani. Two young girls with their gayest silken lacings and freshest of white linen were at one end of the group, and next the prettiest one was sitting a handsome lithe-looking gallant, with his red cap, bronzed face, and gorgeous waistcoat with silver buttons, while beyond was a wrinkled and dark-skinned old lady. The young people were not talking together, nor did the man even look at the dark-haired girl by whose side he sat, for the proud Dalmatian considers it beneath his dignity to talk to women in a public place; but the girl seemed proud and contented that he should honor her by sitting beside her. Presently a group of women strolled along the piazza, two of them evidently sisters from their strong resemblance to each other. The elder wore the black front over her bosom which proclaimed her the mother of many children, while the younger and prettier of the two wore the white linen which announced her single state. As they approached, the young gallant on the bench started to his feet. The young girl modestly cast her eyes upon the ground as if she had not seen him, and the group turned and walked back towards the other end of the city, followed by the young man and the reproachful glances of the two maidens whom he had deserted.

At dinner our regret at leaving Sebenico was diminished by the music of the municipal band, consisting for the most part of boys of twelve or fourteen dressed in blue uniforms, wearing little Derby hats ornamented with waving plumes of cocks' feathers at the side. The mistaken kindness of the authorities of the town subjected us to the atrocities of their performance all during dinner, and it was not until we had put some miles of blue water between our steamer and the harbor of Sebenico that the memories of their discords were entirely obliterated.



THE PROPOSED HUDSON RIVER SUSPENSION-BRIDGE BETWEEN NEW YORK CITY AND NEW JERSEY.—Drawn by W. L. Sonntag, Jun.—[See Page 246.]

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TWO CAMPS.

"THANK you, mademoiselle; now you can go," he said.

He need scarcely have spoken, however, for the moment his sister had done his bidding she turned from us, and before two words had passed his lips, was hurrying back to the house in a passion of grief, her face covered, her slight figure shaken by sobs that came back to us on the summer air.

The sight stung me to rage; but for a moment, and by a tremendous effort, I restrained myself. I would hear him out.

He either did not or would not see the effect he had produced. "There, messieurs," he said, his face somewhat pale. "I am obliged to your patience. Now you know what I think of your tricolor and your services. It shall shelter neither me nor mine. I hold no parley with assassins."

I sprang forward; I could contain myself no longer. "And I," I cried— "M. le Marquis, I have something to say too! A moment ago I refused the tricolor. I rejected the overtures of those who brought it to me. I was resolved to stand by you and by my brethren, against my better judgment. I was of your party, though I do not believe in it, and you might have tied me to it. But this gentleman is right! You are yourself the strongest argument against yourself. And I do this! I do this!" I repeated, passionately. "See, M. le Marquis, and know that it is your doing!"

With the word I snatched up the ribbon on which mademoiselle had trodden, and with fingers that trembled scarcely less than hers had trembled when she unfastened it, I pinned it on my breast.

He bowed, with a sardonic smile. "A cockade is easily changed," he said. But I could see that he was livid with rage; that he would have slain me for the defeat.

"You mean," I said, hotly, "that I am easily turned."

"You put on the cap, M. le Vicomte," he retorted.

The other three had withdrawn a little—not without open signs of disgust—and left us face to face, on the spot on which we had stood three weeks before, on the day before his mother's reception. Still raging with anger on mademoiselle's account, and minded to wound him, I recalled that to him, and the prophecies he had then uttered—prophecies which had been so ill fulfilled.

He took me up at the first word. "Ill fulfilled?" he said, grimly. "Yes, M. le Vicomte; but why? Because those who should support me, those who from one end of France to the other should support the King, are like you—waverers who do not know their own minds! Because the gentlemen of France are proving themselves churls and cravens, unworthy of the names they bear! Yes, ill fulfilled," he continued, bitterly, "because you, M. de Saux, and men like you, are for this to-day, for that to-morrow, and cry one hour Reform, and the next Order!"

The denial stuck in my throat, and my passion dying down, I could only glower at him. He saw this, and taking advantage of my momentary embarrassment, "But enough," he resumed, in a tone of dignity, very galling to me, since it was he who had behaved ill, not I. "Enough of this. While it was possible, I courted your aid, M. de Saux; and I acknowledge and shall be the last to disclaim the obligation under which you last night placed us. But there can never be true fellowship between those who wear that," and he pointed to the tricolor I had assumed, "and those who serve the King as we serve him. You will pardon me, therefore, if I take my leave, and without delay withdraw my sister from a house in which her presence may be misunderstood, as mine, after what has passed, must be unwelcome."

He bowed again with that and led the way into the house, while I followed, tongue-tied and with a sudden chill at my heart. There was no one in the hall except André, who was hovering about the farther door; but in the avenue beyond were three or four mounted servants waiting for M. de St. Alais, and half-way down the avenue a party of three were riding towards the gates. I needed but a glance to show me that the foremost of these was mademoiselle, and that she rode low in the saddle, as if she still wept. And I turned in a hot fit to M. de St. Alais.

But I found his eye fixed on me in such a fashion that the words died on my lips. He coughed dryly. "Ha!" he said. "So mademoiselle has herself felt the propriety of leaving. You will permit me therefore to make her acknowledgments, M. de Saux, and to take leave for her."

He saluted me with that and turned. He already had his foot raised to the stirrup, when I muttered his name.

He looked round. "Pardon! Is there anything—"

I beckoned to the servants to stand back. I was in misery, between rage and shame, the hot fit gone. "Monsieur," I said, "there is one more thing to be said. This does not end all between mademoiselle and me. For mademoiselle—"

"We will not speak of her!" he exclaimed.

"I do not know her sentiments," I continued, doggedly, disregarding his interruption, "nor whether I am agreeable to her. But for myself, M. de St. Alais, I tell you frankly that I love her, nor shall I change because I wear one tricolor or another. Therefore—"

"I have only one thing to say!" he cried, raising his hand.

I gave way, breathing hard. "What is it?" I said.

"That you make love like a bourgeois," he answered, laughing insolently, "or a mad Englishman! And as Mademoiselle de St. Alais is not a baker's daughter, to be wooed after that fashion, I find it offensive. Is that enough, or shall I say more, M. le Vicomte?"

"'YES,' I SAID, STIFFLY, FOR I FOUND ALL LOOKING AT ME."

"That will not be enough to turn me from my path!" I answered. "You forget that I carried mademoiselle hither in my arms last night. But I do not forget it, and she will not forget it. We cannot be henceforth as we were, M. le Marquis."

"You saved her life and base a claim upon it!" he said, scornfully. "That is generous and like a gentleman!"

"No, I do not," I answered, persistently. "But I have held mademoiselle in my arms, and she has laid her head on my breast, and you can undo neither the one nor the other. Henceforth I have a right to woo her, and I shall win her."

"While I live you never shall!" he answered, fiercely. "I swear that as she trod on that ribbon, at my word—at my word, monsieur!—so she shall tread on your love. From this day seek a wife among your friends. Mademoiselle de St. Alais is not for you."

I trembled with rage. "You know, monsieur, that I cannot fight you!" I said.

"Nor I you," he answered. "I know it. Therefore," he continued, reverting with marvellous ease to his former politeness, "I will fly from you. Farewell, monsieur—I do not say, until we meet again, for I do not think that we shall meet much in future."

I found nothing to answer him, and he turned and moved away down the avenue. Mademoiselle and her escort had long disappeared; his servants, obeying my gesture, were almost at the gates. I watched his figure as he rode under the boughs of the walnuts that, meeting low over his head, let the sun fall on him through spare rifts, and I marvelled at the gallant air he maintained and the careless grace of his bearing.

Certainly he had force. He had the force his fellows lacked, and he had it so abundantly that as I gazed after him the words I had used to him seemed weak and foolish, the resolution I had flung in his teeth childish. After all, he was right; this to which my feelings had impelled me on the spur of anger and love and the moment was no French or proper way of wooing, nor one which I should have relished in my sister's case. Why, then, had I degraded mademoiselle by it and exposed myself? Men wooed mistresses that way, not wives!

In a word, I felt very wretched as I turned to go into the house. But there my eye lighted on the pistols which still lay on the table in the hall, and with a sudden revulsion of feeling I remembered that others' affairs were out of order too; that the châteaux of St. Alais and Marignac lay in ashes; that last night I had saved mademoiselle from death; that beyond the walnut avenue, with its cool long shade and dappled floor, lay the seething, brawling world of Quercy, of France, of maddened peasants and frightened townsfolk, and soldiers who would not fight, and nobles who dared not!

Then, *vive le tricolor!* The die was cast. I went through the house to find Father Benoît and his companions, meaning to return with them. But the terrace was empty; they were nowhere to be seen. Even of the servants I could only fine André, who came pottering to me with his lips pursed up to grumble. I asked him where the curé was.

"Gone, M. le Vicomte."

"And Buton?"

"He too; with half the servants, for the matter of that."

"Gone?" I exclaimed. "Whither?"

"To the village to gossip," he answered, churlishly. "There is not a turnspit now but must hear the news, and take his own leave and time to gather it. The world is turned upside down, I think. It is time his Majesty the King did something."

"Did not M. le Curé leave a message?"

The old servant hesitated. "Well, he did," he said, grudgingly. "He said that if M. le Vicomte would stay at home until the afternoon he should hear from him."

"But he was going to Cahors!" I said. "He is not returning to-day?"

"He went by the little alley to the village," André answered, obstinately. "I do not know anything about Cahors."

"Then go to the village now," I said, "and learn whether he took the Cahors road.'"

The old man went, grumbling, and I remained alone on the terrace. An abnormal quietness, as of the afternoon, lay on the house this summer morning. I sat down on a stone seat against the wall, and began to go over the events of the night, recalling with the utmost vividness things to which at the time I had scarcely given a glance, and shuddering at horrors that in the happening had barely moved me. Gradually my thoughts passed from these things which made my pulse beat, and I began to busy myself with mademoiselle. I saw her again sitting low in the saddle and weeping as she went. The bees hummed in the warm air, the pigeons cooed softly in the dove-cote, the trees on the lawn below me shaped themselves into an avenue over her head, and thinking of her I fell asleep.

After such a night as I had spent it was not unnatural. But when I awoke and saw that it was high noon I was wild with vexation. I sprang up, and darting suspicious glances round me, caught André skulking away under the house wall. I called him back, and asked him why he had let me sleep.

"I thought that you were tired, monsieur," he muttered, blinking in the sun. "M. le Vicomte is not a peasant, that he may not sleep when he pleases."

"And M. le Curé? Has he not returned?"

"No, monsieur."

"And he went—which way?"

He named a village half a league from us, and then said that my dinner waited.

I was hungry, and for the moment asked no more, but went in and sat down to the meal. When I rose it was nearly two o'clock. Expecting Father Benoît every moment, I bade them saddle the horses, that I might be ready to go; and then, too restless to remain still, I went into the village. Here I found all in turmoil. Three-fourths of

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

the inhabitants were away at St. Alais inspecting the ruins, and those who remained thought of nothing so little as doing their ordinary work; but, standing in groups at their doors or the cross-roads or the church gates, were discussing events. One asked me timidly if it was true that the King had given all the land to the peasants; another, if there were to be any more taxes; a third, a question still more simple. Yet with this I met with no lack of respect; few failed to express their joy that I had escaped the ruffians *là-bas*. But as I approached each group, a subtle shade of expectation, of shyness, and suspicion flitted across faces the most familiar to me. At the moment I did not understand this; I apprehended it, even, but dimly. Now I know that it was a symptom of the social poison doing its sure and deadly work.

I could hear nothing of M. le Curé, one saying that he was here, another there, and a third that he had gone to Cahors; and I returned to the château in a state of discomfort and unrest hard to describe. I would not again leave the front of the house, and for hours I paced the avenue, now listening at the gates or looking up the road, now walking quickly to and fro under the walnuts. At length evening fell, and night, and still I was here awaiting the curé's coming, chained to the silent house, while my mind tortured me with pictures of what was going forward outside. The restless demon of the time had hold of me; the thought that I lay here idle while the world heaved made me miserable, filled me with shame. When André came to summon me to supper, I swore at him; and the moment I had done, I went up to the roof of the château and watched the night, expecting to see again the glare of burning houses.

I saw nothing, however, and the curé did not come; and after a wakeful night, seven in the morning saw me in the saddle and hurrying to Cahors. André complained of illness, and I took Gil only. The country round St. Alais seemed to be deserted; but half a league farther on, over the hills, I overtook a score of peasants trudging sturdily along. I asked them whither they were going, and why they were not in the fields.

"We are going to Cahors for arms," they said.

"For arms! Whom are you going to fight?"

"The brigands, monseigneur. They are burning and murdering on every side. By the mercy of God they have not yet visited us. And to-night we shall be armed."

"Brigands?" I said. "What brigands?"

But they could not answer that, and I left them in wonder and rode on. I had not done with these brigands, however; half a league short of Cahors I passed through a hamlet where the same idea prevailed. Here they had raised a rough barricade at the end of the street towards the country, and I saw a man on the church tower keeping watch. Meanwhile every one in the place who could walk had gone to Cahors.

"Why?" I asked. "For what?"

"To hear the news."

I began to see that my imagination had not led me astray. All the world was heaving. Every one was hurrying to hear and to learn, to take arms if he had never used arms before, to advise if all his life he had obeyed orders, to do anything and everything but his daily work. After this, that I should find Cahors humming like a hive of bees about to swarm, the Valandré bridge so crowded that I could scarcely force my way through its three gates, the queue of people waiting for rations longer and the rations shorter than ever before—after this, all these things seemed only natural.

As I rode through the streets, wearing the tricolor, I was hailed here and there with cheers. On the other hand, I noticed that wearers of white cockades were not lacking. They kept the wall, in twos and threes, walking with raised chins and hands on sword-knots, watched askance by the commonalty. A few of them were known to me; more were strangers; and while I blushed under the scornful looks of the former, knowing that I must seem to them a renegade, I wondered who the latter were. Finally, I was glad to escape from both by alighting at Doury's, over whose door a huge tricolor flag hung limp in the sunshine.

M. le Curé de Saux? He was even then sitting with the committee upstairs. Would M. le Vicomte walk up?

I did so, through a press of noisy people who thronged the stairs and passages. A door was opened, a fresh gust of noise came out to meet me, and I entered the room. In it, seated round a long table, were a score of men, of whom some rose to meet me, while others kept their seats; three or four were speaking at once, and did not stop on my entrance. I recognized, at the further end, Father Benoît and Buton, who came to meet me; Capitaine Hugues, who rose, but continued to speak; two of the smaller noblesse, who left their chairs and came to me in an ecstasy; Doury, who rose and sat down half a dozen times; and one or two curés, and others of that rank, known to me by sight. The uproar was great; the confusion equal to it. Still, somehow, and after a moment of tumult, I found myself placed civilly enough in a chair at the end of the table, with M. le Capitaine on one side of me and a notary of Cahors on the other. Then, under cover of the noise, I stole a few words with Father Benoît, who lingered a moment beside me.

"You could not join us yesterday?" he said, with a pathetic look in his eyes that only I understood.

"But you left a message bidding me wait for you!" I answered.

"I did?" he said. "No, I left a message asking you to follow us, if it pleased you."

"Then I never got it," I replied. "André told me—"

"Ah, André!" he answered. And he shook his head.

"The rascal!" I said. "Then he lied to me! And—"

But some one called the curé to his place; at the same time most of the talkers ceased; a moment, and only two were left speaking, who, without paying the least regard to one another, continued to hold forth noisily, one on the social contract, the other on the brigands—the brigands who were everywhere burning the corn and killing the people.

At last M. le Capitaine, after a long waiting to speak, attacked the former. "Tut, monsieur," he said. "This is not the time for theory. A halfpenny worth of fact—"

"Is value for a pound of theory!" the man of the brigands—he was a grocer, I believe—cried eagerly; and he brought his fist down on the table.

"But now is the time—the God-sent time to frame the facts to the theory!" the other screamed. "To regenerate the world! To—"

"To regenerate the fiddlestick!" his opponent answered, with equal heat. "When brigands are at our very doors! When—"

"Monsieur," the Captain said, commanding silence by the gravity of his tone, "if you please—"

"Yes?"

"Then, to be plain, I do not believe any more in your brigands than in M. l'Avoué's theories."

This time it was the grocer's turn to scream. "What?" he cried. "When they have been seen at Figeac and Cajarc and Rodez and—"

"By whom?" the soldier asked, sharply.

"By hundreds."

"Name one."

"But it is notorious!"

"Yes, monsieur, it is a notorious lie," M. le Capitaine answered bluntly. "Believe me, the brigands with whom we have to deal are nearer home. Allow us to arrange for them first, and do not deafen M. le Vicomte with your chattering."

"Hear! hear!" the lawyer cried. But this was too much for the man of the brigands. He began again; to my despair, it seemed as if the quarrel were only beginning, as if peace would have to be made afresh.

For I confess all this noise, tumult, and disputation, this absence of the politeness to which I had been accustomed all my life, this vulgar jostling and brawling, depressed me immeasurably. I sat deafened, lost in the scramble, of no more account for the moment than Buton. Nay, of less; for while I gazed about me and listened, sunk in wonder at my position at a table with people of a class with whom I had never sat down before—save at the chance table of an inn, where my presence kept all within bounds—it was Buton who, coming to the officer's aid, finally gained silence.

"Now you have had your say, perhaps you will let me have mine," the Captain said, with acerbity, as soon as he could make himself heard. "It is very well for you, M. l'Avoué, and you, monsieur—I have forgotten your name—you are not fighting-men, and my difficulty does not affect you. But there are half a dozen at this table who are placed as I am, and they understand. You may organize, but if your officers are carried off every morning, you will not go far."

"How carried off?" the lawyer cried, puffing out his thin cheeks. "Members of the Committee of—"

"How?" M. le Capitaine rejoined, cutting him short without ceremony. "By the prick of a small sword! You do not understand; but for some of us, we cannot go three paces from this door without risk of an insult and a challenge."

"That is true," the two gentlemen at the foot of the table cried.

"It is true; and more," the Captain continued—"it is no chance work, but a plan. It is their plan for curbing us. I have seen three men in the streets to-day who I can swear are fencing-masters in fine clothes."

"Assassins!" the lawyer cried, pompously.

"That is all very well," Hugues said, soberly. "But what is to be done? If we cannot move abroad without a challenge and a duel we are helpless. You will have all your leaders picked off."

"The people will avenge you," the lawyer said, with a grand air.

M. le Capitaine shrugged his shoulders. "Thank you, for nothing," he said.

Father Benoît interposed. "At present," he said, anxiously, "I think that there is only one thing to be done. You have said, M. le Capitaine, that some of the committee are not fighting-men. Why should any fight, and play into our opponents' hands?"

"Par Dieu! I think that you are right!" Hugues answered, frankly. "Why should we? I am sure that I do not wish to fight. I have given my proofs."

There was a short pause, and some of us looked at one another doubtfully. "Well, why not?" the Captain said at last. "This is not play, but business. We are no longer gentlemen at large, but soldiers under discipline."

"Yes," I said, stiffly, for I found all looking at me. "But it is difficult, M. le Capitaine, for men of honor to divest themselves of certain ideas. If we are not to protect ourselves from insult, we sink to the level of beasts."

"Have no fear, M. le Vicomte," Buton cried, abruptly. "The people will not suffer it."

"No, no; the people will not suffer it!" one or two echoed; and for a moment the room rang with cries of indignation.

"Well, at any rate," the Captain said at last, "all are now warned. And if after this they fight lightly, they do it with full knowledge that they are playing their adversaries' game. I hope all understand that. For my part," he continued, with a dry laugh, "they may cane me; I shall not fight them! I am no fool."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME-COMING.

ONCE, on a morning ramble by the shore,
The gray and granite knolled New England coast,
I rested at a fisher's humble door,
And leaned against the lowly linteled post,
To chat a moment with my simple-hearted host.

His cheerful housewife by the fisher stood
In fond content, and all the place was gay
With fragrant blossoms from the summer wood.
I asked the purpose of the sweet array.
The mother said, "Our boys are coming home to-day!"

Next day I paused before the door again,
And saw joy smiling on that sunlit floor;
The boys were there—two bronzed and bearded men—
Right-whalers, who, a dozen years or more,
Had braved the icy ocean and the arctic shore.

Ah, mother's heart, your boys are always boys!
No heat of sun, nor spume of turbid sea,
Can change the features where you watched the joys
Of childhood play; their sturdy tones, to thee,
Are echoes of the croon they learned beside your knee.

As pure and changeless as thy gentle faith,
Which taught our baby lips the words of truth,
For thee our childhood lives secure from scathe,
Though change of days may steal away our youth,
And restless Fortune rain on us her spite or ruth.

JNO. MALONE.

LAST YEAR'S GOLD INCREASE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE little handful of voters who own the silver mines of Colorado, and who led the people of that State in their demands for pro-silver legislation, are now boasting that in another year they will make Colorado the greatest gold-producing State in the Union. The rest of the voters of Colorado, who notified the country that if the Sherman clause for the purchase of silver by the government should be repealed the people would starve, are now deriding those benighted folk in the East who ever imagined that Colorado could be inconvenienced or obstructed in her glorious progress. The leading newspapers of the State repeat their own once gloomy forebodings only to ridicule them as the ridiculous imaginings of Eastern folk who underrated the resources of the commonwealth. They are all pro-silverites in politics, even the bankers and the gold-miners, but they have ceased to anticipate ruin and starvation as the portions that "Wall Street" and Congress are bent upon forcing on them. The reasons for even this slight difference in their views of life are that Colorado has not only made new and tremendous finds of gold ore, but she is making more money out of silver at its reduced price than she made when her oracles predicted ruin if the price were lowered, and when her Governor threatened to ride over the common-sense of the nation bridle-deep in blood.

Colorado did not distance California and become the first of the gold-producing States, as was predicted during the latter part of 1894. The Denver *Republican* canvassed the gold-mining districts and footed up the returns for the year at $11,235,506, an increase of three and three-quarter million dollars over the yield of 1893. Wells, Fargo, & Co., the bankers and expressmen who carry practically all the gold and silver out of all the mining camps of the West, published a larger estimate in their forecast of the official figures in a circular dated December 31, 1894. They put Colorado's yield at $12,175,207, and California's at $10,690,646. From the United States Mint at Denver I have just obtained the official figures that have been sent to the Director of the Mint, at Washington, D.C. They are as follows: Gold, $10,616,463; silver (estimated at 63 cents an ounce, the average price in 1894), $14,961,525; lead, $3,199,175; copper, $761,575.

These figures are disappointing to those who believe that they know Colorado to have uncovered the richest gold mines in America, but to those who have no other information than the figures give them the increase in gold production from four millions in 1890 and seven and a half millions in 1893 to nearly ten and three-quarter millions in 1894 is sufficiently great to seem almost marvellous. So too is the lightninglike change the State has made from a silver to a gold camp.

There is no fault to be found with the estimate put forth by the Mint. It is carefully, honestly, and thoroughly made. It is much more nearly correct than the returns from the same bureau for California. California's returns are made in the old way, by getting reports from the mine-owners. These are not sworn statements, and it has been found elsewhere that such reports are sometimes swelled in order to "boom" mining stock, or shrunk to protect mine-lessees who contract to pay royalty or percentages to the mine-owners. In the case of the great express corporation that handles all the Western bullion, the inaccurate statements made in their annual report are at once unintentional and unavoidable. They report what sums they are intrusted with, but the same bullion is often carried by them from smelter to bank and bank to mint, and thus their way-bills duplicate amounts that are in many cases one and the same. This year the officials at the mint in Denver got returns of the finished product from the smelters and mills of the State, and they communicated as well with all the mints and assay offices of the entire country for news of all the gold that was or could be credited to Colorado. They say that by the old-fashioned method they would have credited the State with two millions or perhaps three millions more than their report shows. They are certain that the estimate is nearer right than any that was ever made before. It may be slightly under the exact truth, but it is much closer to the truth than the swollen estimates of earlier years.

Though the State did not leap into the first place as a gold-producer, its progress toward that distinction has been fast. The Coloradan gold output in 1890 was $4,016,229. In 1891 it was $4,764,880. In 1892 it yielded $5,539,021. The next year, 1893, saw a yield of $7,487,071, and then came last year's great leap to $10,616,463.

But this advance has scarcely been more notable or better for the State than the progress that has been made in the methods of mining. Silver at .75 three years ago was not as profitable as it is to-day at .59. The reason for this has been said to be the lowering of the miners' wages, but these have suffered a reduction of fifty cents below the old "flush days" rate of three dollars for ten hours' work. The truer or greater reasons for the increased returns from silver lie in the mining combinations that have been made, and in the new and advantageous leasing system that is now adopted there. By combining a number of mines all can be worked with one manager and one clerk instead of many. And by the new leasing system the owners suffer no risk, while the lessees pay them from ten to fifty per cent. of the product, and mine very economically so as to increase their own returns.

The Denver *Republican* in a retrospective article published on New-Year's day, 1895, asks, "And wherein has Colorado bettered herself?" The answer is: in the greater production of the more stable metal, in the inauguration of a general system of methodical and economical mining, in the use of extraction processes fitted to different ores, in the abolition of useless and extravagant offices and officers, in the employment of labor and material conservators, and, above all, in the elimination (not yet complete) of the gambling element, and the establishment of mining as a commercial enterprise. This, from a newspaper that was predicting starvation and beggardom for all the people of the State less than two years ago, is a more remarkable evolution than the development of the gold veins themselves.

For a long period silver attracted capital almost to the exclusion of gold-mining, or, to put it as it used to be put, gold-mining required the investment of a quarter of a million in order to take out half a million, whereas silver

mines that cost only ten thousand dollars to work often yielded hundreds of thousands of dollars. The silver era in Colorado was one of reckless waste and phenomenal profits. The certainty of adverse legislation shifted the scene. At the close of 1893 few smelteries were running, and they only worked on contracts that were made before the drift of financial legislation was foreseen. Mining suffered a paralytic stroke; but to-day every smeltery is in full operation, and not only the old mines but numberless new ones are being worked, under a reign of greater activity and confidence than were ever known before. This, of course, is due to the discovery of gold below the silver and the silver-and-gold levels. In not a camp in all the State where drills have been sunk below the silver has this discovery failed to be repeated.

The result is that 1894 ended with a marvellous showing of gold, yet it in no wise represents the value of the new gold "finds" within the State. It was a year of preparation and development, as well as of terrible hinderance by strikes. The strike at Cripple Creek, for instance, continued five months, and lowered the output from those mines by the sum of at least three millions of dollars. In Leadville the Little Johnny alone will put out more gold in 1895 than all the other mines in Leadville did during the last twelve months of planning and preparation. Creede celebrated the close of last year with a discovery that seems to prove that the deeper ores carry more gold than the rich ones that have been worked there in the past. Gilpin County produced three millions in gold, and beat all its previous records, but it will do better this year.

As a rule, upon the repeal of the Sherman purchasing clause, the miners turned from silver to search for gold properties. A great number of miners, thrown out of work by the closing of silver-mines, took hold of old mining properties on leases, and new mills and smelteries were built, notably in the Cripple Creek region, for treating low-grade ores. But in Leadville the gold ore that was found, and that began the great mining revolution, was in rich veins that were struck at about five hundred feet depth, under the silver. The Leadville gold had all been placer-mined up to that time. The California gulch had been the principal field, and had been very profitably worked between 1860 and 1878. Ever since that time the miners and all students of the situation have been speculating as to the source of the metal. The scientific theory, amounting to practical knowledge, was that the gold came from a vein in the neighboring hill; but where the vein was and how it could be reached were the problems that defied science, and seemed to defy luck. When it was found it was not reached by experiments in the face of the hill, but by boring down beneath the existing silver mines and levels. The discovery was made at Leadville, where both the lead and silver mines run into gold ore at 450 to 500 feet. The miners of the celebrated Ibex properties were the first to use the diamond drill, and the first to get down to the gold vein. They have now reached an average depth of 400 feet, but have sent their drills much lower, and are perfectly aware of the conditions that lie before them. It will be remembered that in mining circles it is said that the owners of the Bonanza mines, who established several gigantic California fortunes, made use of the diamond drill, and were always posted a month in advance of the market upon the capabilities of their property. In this latest triumph of this valuable modern tool there is no talk of any misuse of the invention.

The Ibex properties are the Little Johnny, Uncle Sam, Little Stella, and one or two others. The phenomenal gold-producer, the Little Johnny, was simply a shaft in a silver and lead district, and had not been doing anything up to the time when gold was struck there. It was worked for gold upon the theory that the richer metal was to be found below the silver level. Some $65,000 had been expended in pursuit of this theory, and at last $10,000 more was called for, and the expected result was reached. At the mint in Denver it is unhesitatingly said that this mine will prove to be the greatest wealth-producer in the world, and that Leadville will soon prove to be the richest camp that has ever been worked. In merely preparatory work it has yielded $200,000 a month, and in full operation it will turn out between a million and two millions of dollars' worth of gold monthly—considerably more than is looked for from Cripple Creek.

Other than the Ibex group of mines are these that promise rich yields: Little Vinnie, Nevada, Little Ella, Valley, Midnight, Australia, Virginius, Fanny Rawlings, St. Louis, Eliza, Highland Chief, Nettie, Morgan, and Great Hope. And of those in the same apparent relation to the lode are the Resurrection group: Triumph, Irene, Garbutt, Antelope, Ocean Wave, Black Prince, Curran, and Chemung. The oldest gold-producing mine on the hill is the Antioch, at the head of White's Gulch. Its owners are boring a shaft. On Little Ella Hill, between the Big and Little Evans gulches, where the Resurrection claims and others are situated, it is thought that the gold contact is closer to the surface. But however close the contact may prove, this newest gold-mining is "no poor man's fortune," as they say out there. The field is not for the old-fashioned prospector with pick or pan. The gold costs money to get. First the miner must go through the float, or scum, then through the porphyry, the underlying blue limestone, and the still lower white limestone, and then he reaches the quartzite above or in which is the gold. Cripple Creek produced $2,908,000 in gold, although not a pound of ore was hauled out of the camp during the five months of the labor troubles. Leadville produced $1,657,002 of gold and ten millions of dollars' worth of silver—the greatest output from a single camp in the world—yet it only got out its gold ores in the latter part of the year. Even now it will be a month or two before the veins will be actually open for thorough work; but then, as the miners express it, they will be "up to their armpits in gold." Gilpin mining district, long known as a steady, reliable producer, turned out $2,122,838 of gold, as against a million and a third during 1893, but there was no boom there, and the results were those of steady work. At Creede the gold is being found. The Amethyst and the United Mines Company properties are running into it.

The American mines yielded altogether in 1894 from ten to twelve millions of dollars' worth of the metal over the great yield of the preceding year. The Wells, Fargo, & Co. estimate of the entire gold production of 1894 of all North America is as follows:

States and Territories.	Gold Dust and Bullion by Express.	Gold Dust and Bullion by other Conveyances.	Silver Bullion by Express.	Ores and Base Bullion by Freight.	Total.
California	$10,690,646	$1,850,000	$183,305	$1,464,631	$14,188,582
Nevada	1,446,313	.....	755,863	898,384	3,100,560
Oregon	1,453,218	150,000	108,444	.....	1,711,662
Washington	255,513	35,000	153,050	.....	443,563
Alaska	.....	898,246	.....	8,000	906,246
Idaho	1,879,000	.....	2,359,000	3,738,220	7,976,220
Montana	5,150,000	.....	7,450,000	17,950,000	30,250,000
Utah	529,689	.....	1,238,455	5,434,444	7,202,588
Colorado	12,175,207	.....	11,350,898	3,241,945	26,768,050
New Mexico	336,471	145,000	195,490	1,194,398	1,871,359
Arizona	1,211,284	350,000	197,280	5,237,267	6,995,831
Dakota	2,799,835	.....	211,074	35,000	3,045,909
Texas	.....	.....	338,542	.....	338,542
Wyoming	35,000	.....	10,000	.....	45,000
British Columbia	269,377	.....	.....	.....	269,377
Total	$38,231,553	$3,428,246	$24,251,401	$39,202,289	$105,113,489

Total gold.....$45,892,668, as against $33,948,723 in 1893.
" silver.....$28,721,014, " $38,491,521 "

California is still the leading gold State. It has been credited with an advance from twelve and a half millions in 1893 to more than fourteen millions in 1894. The gain during the last year was due to the new working of old mines, and also to the operation of placer mines, idle for a dozen years, but now worked again under the new hydraulic-mining law. But in California, as everywhere else in this country, it is the quartz-mining that yields the heaviest returns. This needs so great an original outlay that there are said to be hundreds of mines in California, unproductive, undeveloped, or altogether idle, that are the property of men and companies without the means to work them. The improved modern machinery used in quartz-mining is what makes this more profitable than ever before, and it is investment in these mines that has increased, and will in years to come increase, the gold output of the State. The Utica Mine, which turned out $1,309,987 51 in 1893; the Kennedy Mine, in Amador County, which yielded $662,729 63; and the North Star Mine, at Grass Valley, which produced $335,756 94—were all old mines that had been reopened or worked by perfected methods. According to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "the State mineralogist says that more attention is being paid to mining than for twenty years past. Men from the East are looking over the gold-fields, and there have been more inquiries for mining properties during the past year than at any time during the preceding two decades."

Those who studied the subject at the close of 1894 were of the opinion that while a little more than a third of the increase in gold production was due to the finds at Leadville and Cripple Creek in Colorado, yet the increase was general and widespread. In Montana there was a gold increase simultaneously with a shrinkage in the silver output. Arizona almost doubled her former yield because of great activity, particularly in the pyritic mines. Utah, South Dakota, Idaho, and New Mexico also showed increased productions.

THE NEW LIBRARY IN BOSTON.

A FINE building is such a tacit public rebuke to bad buildings that it is hardly to be wondered at if the majority of the people in Boston for a time felt that the new Public Library in Copley Square stood for something hostile to their architectural standards. It disturbed their serenity. They looked askance at those who presumed to admire it. In fact, they felt about it a good deal as a cowboy would feel towards a man who wore a "b'iled shirt" all the week 'round—that is, as if it were in some indefinable way putting on superior airs. But it is gratifying to note that the people are coming around, that they like it better every day, and that it bids fair to mark the beginning of a new era in taste as respects architecture. One obvious reason for this conversion is that every stranger who goes to Boston praises the Library, and the fame of it has gone all over the country. It is a palace, indeed, but without the usual drawbacks of a palace—the royal occupants. All its magnificence belongs to the populace. No democracy ever erected a more superb monument to its own enlightenment. There is not a square inch of vulgarity or cheapness in the edifice. Those who pass it every day on their way to business find that it grows on their liking, that it improves on acquaintance, and that in various lights and from various points of view it continually reveals new beauties. Unconsciously and by degrees the public had become tired of restless, pretentious, and obtrusive architecture. In their domestic building they had already reverted to the quiet, dignified, and refined Colonial style (the wooden version of the Renaissance); and in the comparatively short interval since the rage for suburban "Queen Anne" eccentricities, they had quickly outgrown their fondness for gingerbread work, for multitudinous bay-windows, for blackened shingles simulating age, and for designs chiefly remarkable for their unbridled whimsicality. The reaction will carry them into the classical camp of McKim, Mead, & White with a velocity astounding to those unacquainted with the mercurial American temperament, at bottom capable of enormous æsthetic achievements, but almost devoid of traditional ideals.

Historically the Public Library may be called the turning of the leaf. Into this noble architectural page the eminent artists intrusted with the work have put their ripe convictions; there they have written in marble and bronze their highest ideal; they have given to this labor of love their days and nights of devoted and assiduous attention, study, care, and affection. In these splendid halls and courts they have buried with rare abnegation all their emoluments and profits, sparing nothing in time, means, thought, trouble, with the one purpose of building for Boston, for the State and the nation, for themselves and for posterity, the best, the most enduring, and the most beautiful public building possible. They have succeeded, and the building is worth all it has cost.

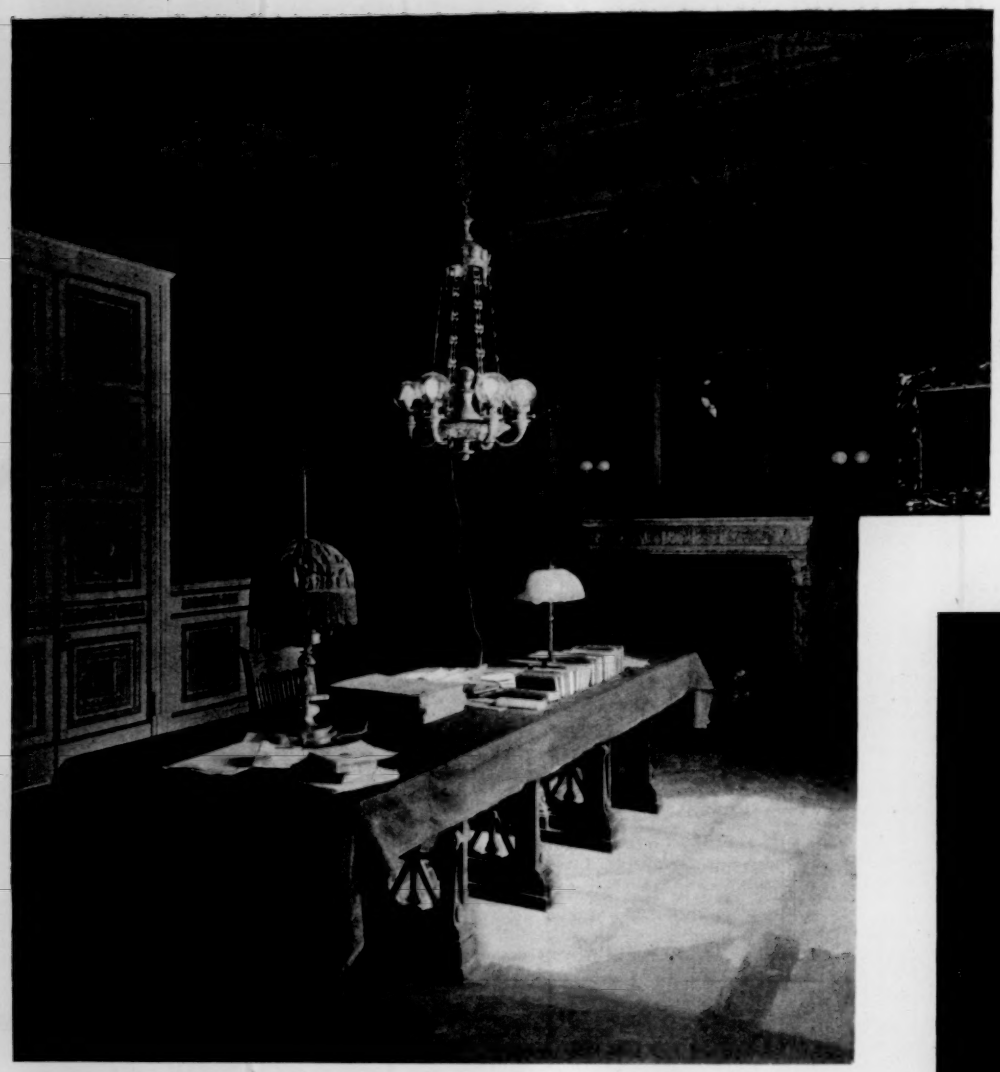
What are two and a half millions of dollars to a rich city? It takes the life-blood of men to construct such buildings. Many generations hence it will be said, "After all, those old nineteenth-century chaps did produce something worth looking at—the Boston Public Library."

The most remarkable features of the interior are the grand stairway and Bates Hall. The stairway is, indeed, in every sense of the word grand. The steps are of a French marble called *échallion*, and the walls are faced all the way up to the ceiling of the second floor with immense slabs of highly polished Siena marble, veined in rich and mellow tones of translucent onyx, topaz yellow, and black. At the level of the broad landing, half-way up, the stairs are divided into two flights, to right and left. At the corners of the landing, where the balustrade makes its turn, are two pedestals supporting marble lions, *couchant*, by Augustus St. Gaudens. Double doors of handsomely sculptured oak give access from the landing to a richly carved granite balcony overlooking the lovely interior court-yard, the most intimately fascinating and the most reposeful enclosure on the continent—a place which wins the heart by its serene and pure charm. The upper landing on the second floor is furnished by a massive balustrade of Siena marble, from which four splendid Corinthian columns of the same royal material rise to the lofty ceiling. The eight high-arched panels around the walls of the stairway are to be filled by the mural paintings ordered from Puvis de Chavannes, some of which are to be exhibited for the first time in the Champ de Mars Salon in April. It is a matter for regret that it was thought best to get a foreigner, however eminent in his specialty, to do this part of the decoration. The country which owns among its own sons such painters as John La Farge has no need and no excuse for going beyond its frontiers to find a decorative artist.

Bates Hall is the great public reading-room, the main entrance to it being at the top of the grand stairway. It is one of the most stately rooms in the world. It is two hundred and eighteen feet long, forty-two and a half feet wide, and fifty feet high. It is lighted by a row of thirteen high arched windows facing on Copley Square (at the east), and by two large windows in the south wall. These windows are at a height of ten feet from the floor. On the west wall a series of panels corresponds to the row of windows opposite. The ceiling is a semi-elliptical arch, supported by massive piers of warm gray Ohio sandstone; at regular intervals it is crossed by heavy ribs, which form continuous lines with the piers, and by lighter ribs between the heavy ones, springing from clustered stone piers of less prominence. The ribs are richly ornamented. The four heavy ones have Greek frets, and the lighter ones have guilloches. Between them the spaces are deeply panelled with high-relief rosettes, framed by the echinus. A fine play of light and shade gives life to this majestic Roman ceiling. It is at once strong and buoyant. The ends of the room are semicircular, with half-dome ceilings, supported by stone piers carved in arabesques. On the wall at the north end of the hall is the place reserved for James A. McN. Whistler's decoration; his panel is already bordered by a moulding of sandstone carved with a classic motive.

Bates Hall gives to the visitor an uplifting sensation; it has a tendency to make a man feel that he should throw back his shoulders, stand up straight, and draw his breath from the bottom of his lungs; it stimulates his self-respect; it braces him up; it puts him on his dignity. There is in the atmosphere of this huge room a blended sense of ceremonious nobility, secular authority, and gracious cheerfulness, which is quite unforgettable. It is thoroughly Roman in its style, full of reminiscences of St. Peter's and the Sistine Chapel, but, except by force of association, it is without a tinge of ecclesiastical sentiment. The sweep of its grand lines is ponderously and impressively palatial.

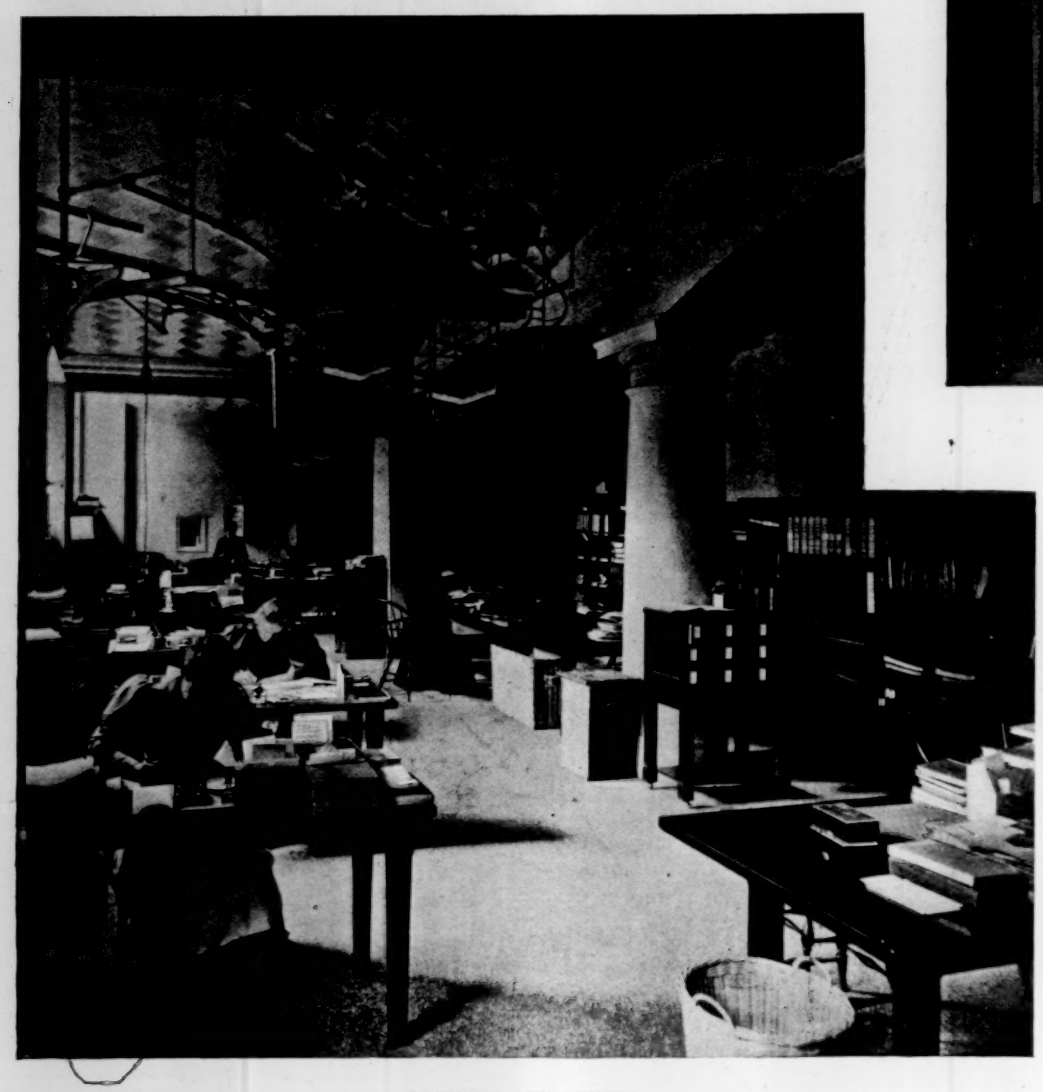
The semicircular ends of Bates Hall are, in a measure, to be divided from the rest of the room by richly sculptured screens about fourteen feet high, pierced by doors in



TRUSTEES' ROOM.

SPECIAL LIBRARY FLOOR—THE

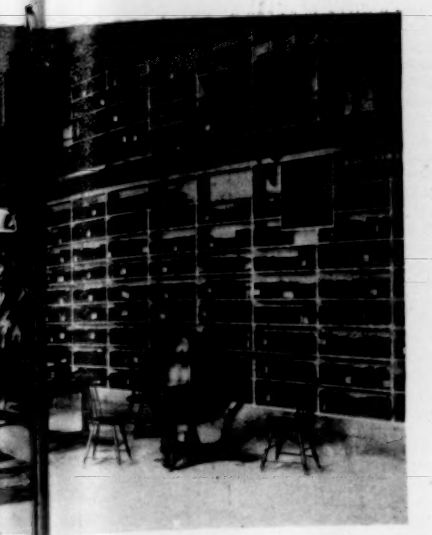
BATES HALL, THE MAIN R



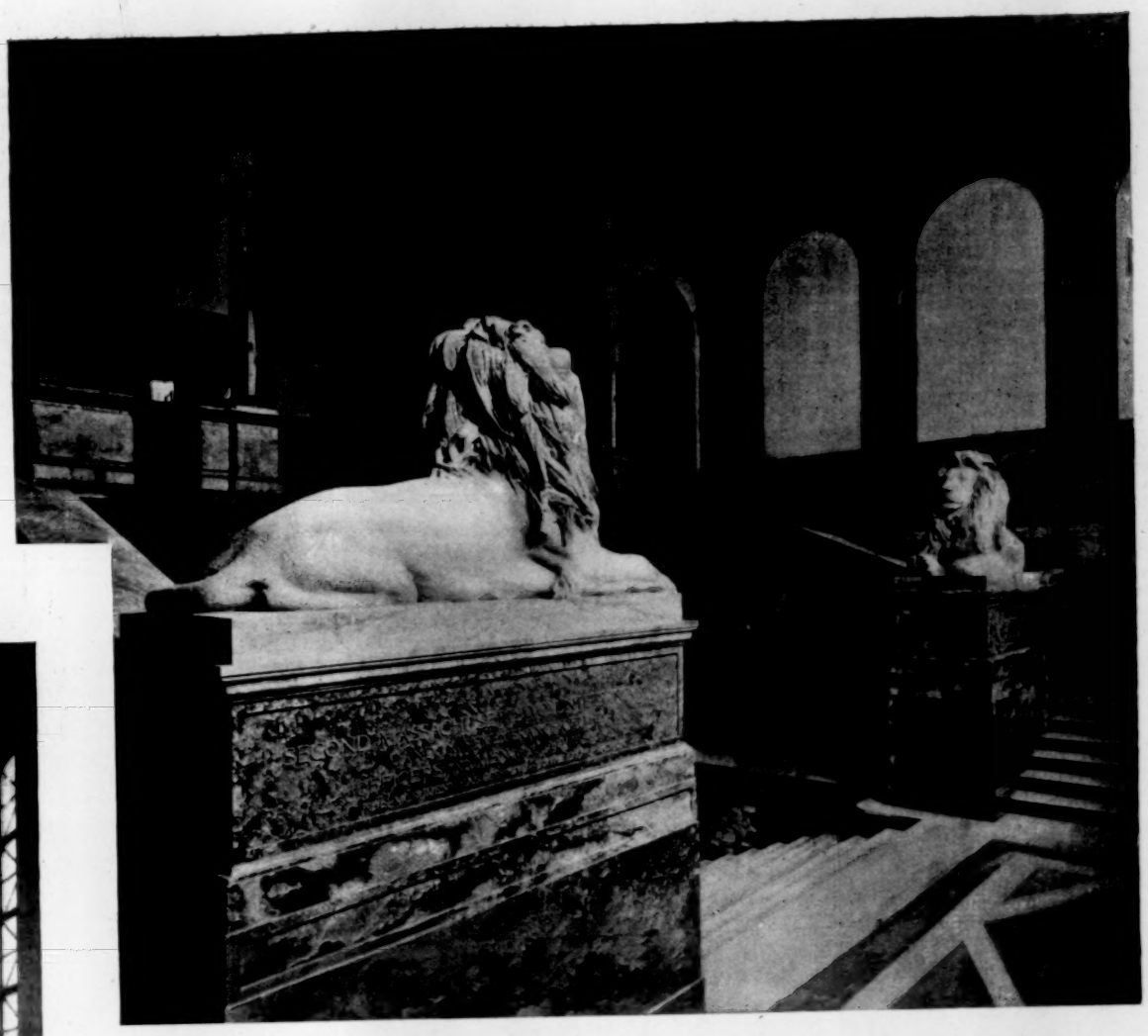
ORDERING DEPARTMENT.

CATALOGUING D

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.—Fr

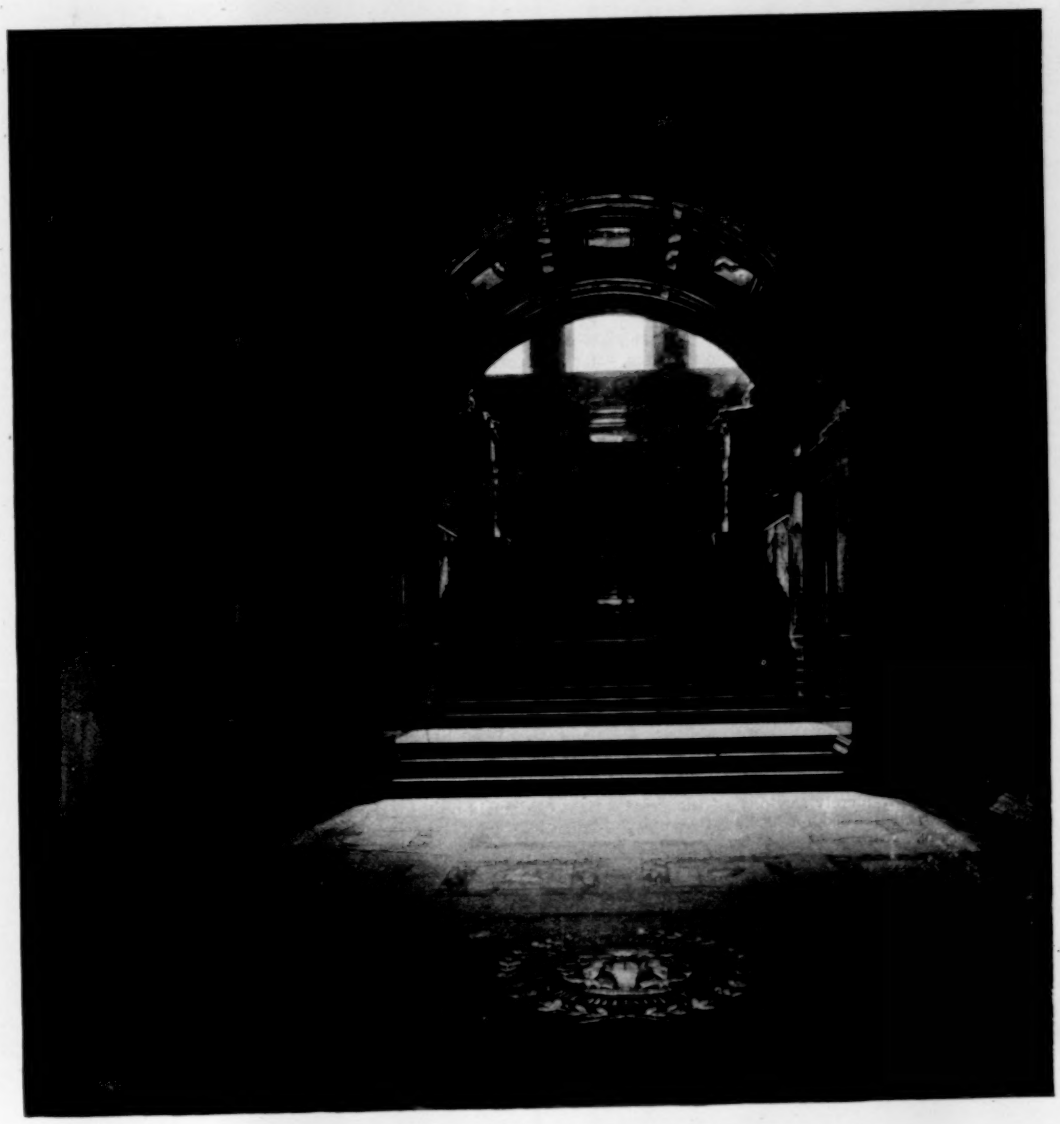


THE ARTON LIBRARY.



GRAND STAIRCASE HALL.

IN READING ROOM.



MAIN ENTRANCE HALL AND STAIRCASE.

OGUING DEPARTMENT.

.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEBBINS.—[SEE PAGE 251.]

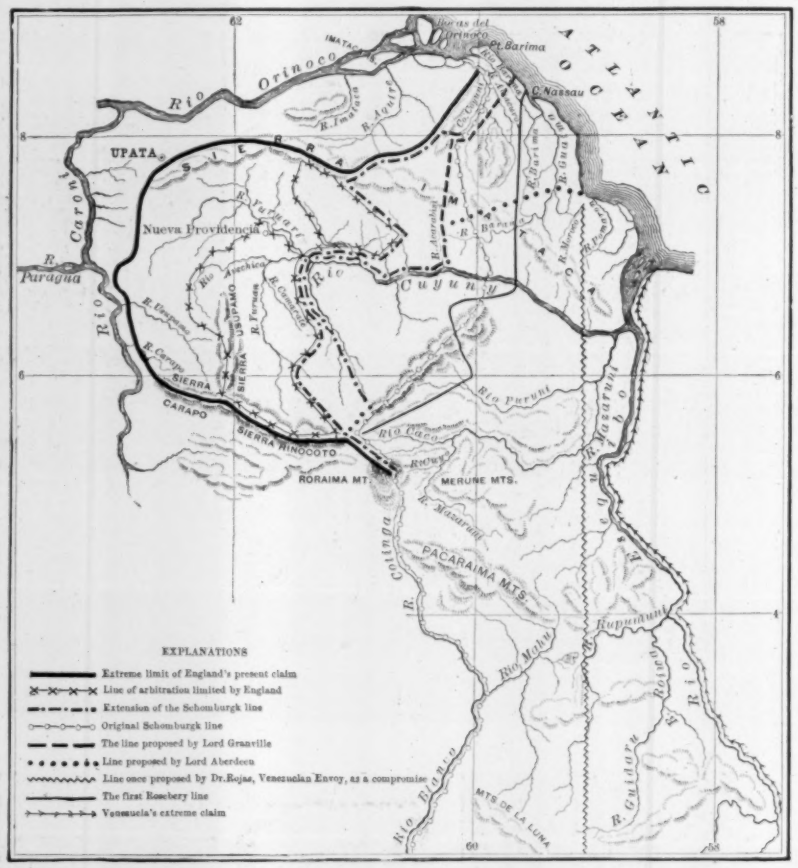
the middle. The enclosed spaces are to be used as writing-room and card-catalogue-room respectively. The pavement of the hall is a fine example of *terrazzo* work, alternating with marble tiles. The mosaic is composed of Lisbon and Italian marbles in two warm colors. The base of the wall is of a curious dusty red Verona marble. Above it are bookcases built in, of quartered English oak, to hold books of reference, such as catalogues, dictionaries, cyclopædias, etc. Several thousand volumes of these works will be accessible to all comers, without any of the red tape necessary in drawing books from the labyrinth of "stacks." The sandstone frieze of Bates Hall contains the names of famous artists, authors, poets, and reformers. Over the main entrance is a beautiful little balcony of stone, elabórately sculptured with delicate and charming Renaissance ornament. Nearer to the two ends of the hall are doorways of a sombre and monumental cast, constructed of Belgian black marble, green serpentine marble, and bronze, with highly polished Corinthian columns, ponderous entablatures, and sumptuous architraves, magnificent and impressive in themselves, but at odds with the scheme of color around them. These portals connect Bates Hall with the waiting-room and the periodical-room. The waiting-room, commonly called the delivery-room, is to have Mr. Abbey's great "Holy Grail" frieze for the main feature of its decoration.

The three most attractive rooms on the third floor are those of the Brown Musical Library, the Bowditch Mathematical and Astronomical Library, and the Shakespeare Library—rooms decorated solely and sufficiently by the red, brown, yellow, blue, green, and gray bindings of oceans of books, from the floors to the ceilings.

Besides the mural decorations ordered from Puvis de Chavannes, Edwin A. Abbey, and James A. McN. Whistler, there are to be other important works of this kind from the brushes of John Sargent, John Elliot, Elmer E. Garnsey, and, in time, it is intended, from still other painters; in fact, it has been semi-officially intimated that it is hoped some day to commission such men as Walter Shirlaw, E. E. Simmons, Will H. Low, Elihu Vedder, Francis D. Millet, and others to add their productions to the *ensemble* of the great interior, which still affords hundreds of square yards of wall space suitable for colored ornamentation. Sargent's paintings have not yet been put in place; they are to decorate the third-floor corridor, a handsomely proportioned wall with a high vaulted ceiling. The subject chosen by Sargent for his series of paintings is "The Progress of Religion through History." The specimen of the work exhibited in London has been praised by the English press in almost extravagant terms.

Each floor has its own staff of messengers, whose duty it is to receive the slips shot to them through the pneumatic tubes, get the books called for, and put them into the carrying-baskets. These baskets, large enough to contain a fair-sized folio, on being released from their racks, are propelled to the open shaft already spoken of by means of a miniature cable kept running by machinery. At the shaft the baskets are detached from the cable and shot upon an elevator; if they come from a level above the delivery-room the elevator is automatically lowered; if from below, hoisted to the proper point, where they are again released, and sent upon tracks into the delivery station. The motive power is an electric dynamo in the basement.

There can be no collision of baskets, for checks, guides, and balances are everywhere provided. And the baskets may be returned as easily as they are sent forward.



MECHANICAL EQUIPMENT OF THE LIBRARY.

THE trustees of the Boston Public Library have given as much thought to the mechanical equipment of their new building, and to the convenient arrangement of its work-rooms, as to the beauty of its architecture and the genuineness of its construction.

In a building erected around a large interior court, across which no short-cut could be taken, the great problem was how and where to put up a book stack, capable of accommodating 2,000,000 volumes, which should be accessible to the public, through the library's messengers, without unreasonable friction and delay. This problem, however, the trustees believe they have satisfactorily solved.

The cabinet of the card catalogue is in Bates Hall, and will be under the constant charge of two or three assistants, whose duty it will be to assist the public in every way in their power. It is but a step from the catalogue out into the delivery-room, the same which Mr. Abbey is to decorate with his paintings. Behind the long broad delivery desk is a room to be used as the station where the attendants may receive, assort, distribute, or return the books which come to them from the stack, or the slips which are passed over the desk from the readers.

A slip catalogue or "indicator" of books "out" is constantly kept, and any application for one of these is immediately returned. If the book is in, the slip is put into a pneumatic tube, a row of which, looking for all the world like a gigantic soda fountain, occupies one side of the room, and shot out into that part of the stack in which the book is shelved.

The book-stack is in six stories, each separate and separately equipped. The arrangement of books is by arbitrary "alcoves," taking the place of the real alcoves in the old building, but now merely sections of the great labyrinth of shelving, and marked off by lines imaginary to the mind of every one but the custodian of the shelves. It was necessary to retain in theory the arrangement of the old building, in order that the shelf numbers might still correspond to those of the card catalogue. To introduce a new notation would be the labor of years. The best proof that this arbitrary shelving of the books is really reasonably simple is the fact that the workmen employed to move the books were able to place them in their new home without confusion or mistake in the remarkably short time of five weeks to a day, or at the rate of about 120,000 a week.

The six stories of the book-stack run not directly into the delivery station itself, but to an open shaft, four feet across, between. No story is on the same level as that of the delivery desk. This would be most inconvenient if the library had to rely on boys to fetch and carry the books called for, as has been the custom in the past; but, instead, a magnified cash-carrier system has been introduced, which, it is expected, will minimize delay and obviate confusion.

BRITISH AGGRESSIONS IN VENEZUELA.

ON the northeastern shores of the South American continent, extending westward to the Orinoco and southward to the affluents of the Amazon, is a vast and fertile, though as yet but sparsely populated, region known as the Guayanas. A portion of this territory was ceded to England by Holland in 1814. A very much larger and more desirable portion of it belongs to the republic of Venezuela, as the successor in title of Spain in 1810. The precise boundary between Holland and Spain, though plainly inferable from historical facts, was never definitely fixed by treaty; and in 1887 the dispute as to boundary, which first arose in 1827, resulted in the rupture of official relations between England and Venezuela.

Venezuela, as the successor in title of Spain, supports her claim to the territory west of the Esequibo River, and thence southward to the Brazilian border, by a long array of historical facts, which I briefly summarize as follows: By the treaty of Münster, between Spain and Holland, of 1648; by official notes of the Spanish colonial government of Cumaná, of 1742; by the Spanish-Portuguese treaty of 1750; by the correspondence passed between the Spanish colonial government and the authorities of the adjacent Dutch colony east of the Esequibo, in 1758; by the Royal Spanish schedules of 1768; by official records of the Spanish cabinet, 1769; by official instructions from the cabinet at Madrid to the Spanish colonial authorities in Guayana, 1779; by the Order in Council issued by the Spanish cabinet in 1780; by the official reports of the Royal Spanish Colonial Commission of 1788; by the treaty of Aranjuez, of 1791, between Spain and Holland; by the official correspondence of the Dutch West India Company of 1794; by the official correspondence of the British diplomatic agent in Caracas, in 1836, acknowledging Venezuela's right of domain on the Atlantic coast east of the Orinoco delta; by the formal acknowledgment, in 1841, by a British law court in Demerara, of Venezuela's undisputed jurisdiction over the Moroco River; and by a similar formal acknowledgment by the authorities of British Guayana (Guiana) as late as 1874.

Against this claim England sets up a counter-claim, likewise based upon historical facts, as follows: That two forts of a temporary character, called "New Zealand" and "New Middleburgh," were erected by the Dutch on the Pomaron River (some leagues west of the Esequibo) in 1657, thereby showing that the Dutch laid claim to that territory; by concessions alleged to have been made to a Dutch company in that vicinity in 1674; by the armed conflict between some Dutch and Spanish colonists on the Pomaron River in 1797, in which, it is claimed, the Spaniards were defeated and driven away; and, finally, by some pretended treaty between Great Britain and the Indians (names and dates not given), whereby England engaged to "protect" the Indians against white encroachments.

Previous to 1840 Great Britain had not extended her occupancy beyond the Pomaron River, nor even intimated any purpose to lay claim to territory west or south of that river. Suddenly, in the latter part of that year, she made an attempt to plant a colony farther westward, and set up a ridiculous claim to the entire Atlantic coast as far as the Orinoco delta. In 1844 she receded from this position, and proposed a divisional line beginning a little westward of the Pomaron River. In 1881 she again removed the starting-point of a divisional line twenty-nine miles west of the Moroco River, thus claiming the valleys of both rivers. In 1886 she again shifted position, and claimed to the margin of the Guaima River. In 1890 she shifted position again, and proposed a divisional line beginning at the junction of the Amacuro and Orinoco rivers, thus claiming practical control of the Orinoco delta. Finally, in 1893, still advancing westward and southward into what had never before been disputed as Venezuelan territory, she gravely proposed a conventional boundary-line, beginning at the mouth of the Amacuro, and running so as to include the head-waters of the Cumaná, and thence to the sierra of Usupamo.

These facts carry their own comment. Studied in connection with any good map of the country, they have a startling significance. The South American continent, by its peculiar topography, is naturally divided into three immense valleys, the Orinoco, the Amazon, and the Plata. Each of these valleys is a complete net-work of fluvial navigation, open from the sea to the remotest interior, and those three great rivers communicate by distinct bifurcations, so that the dominion of the mouth of either by such a power as Great Britain would, in the course of time, and almost as a natural result, open the way to pretensions over the others.

But, to confine our remarks strictly to the present discussion, take, for example, the mouth of the Orinoco. That immense river is navigable by the heaviest naval vessels as far up as the city of Bolivar, nearly four hundred miles from the ocean; and within that distance the Orinoco receives the waters of some twenty other navigable streams, while above the city of Bolivar the river receives on its eastern side alone ninety-one other large rivers, two of which are navigable to the affluents of the Amazon. On the opposite or western side of the Orinoco, above the point named, it receives the waters of thirty more rivers, many of which are navigable, and extend to the remote interior of the continent. Thus the Apure, which traverses the very centre of Venezuela, is navigable for nearly four hundred miles, and has its source on the borders of Colombia. The Meta, which is navigable as far up as Villavicencia, within a few leagues of the city of Bogotá, has its source in the very heart of the republic of Colombia. And, not to enumerate others of equal importance, there is the Inriade, a large river extending to within a few miles of the Colombian and Brazilian borders.

It will be seen at a glance that the navigable outlet of the Orinoco is the key to more than a quarter of the entire South American continent, and that its dominion by Great Britain could hardly fail, in the course of a few decades, to work very radical changes in the commercial relations and political institutions of at least three of the South American republics.

In view of these facts, and of our well-known policy and traditions relative to the Spanish American republics, the United States has not been an indifferent spectator of England's aggressions in the Orinoco Valley. Time and again has our government delicately and courteously tendered its good offices as the impartial friend of both disputants. It has even made formal tender of its services as arbitrator if acceptable to both. This has been done with the less hesitancy because the dispute as to boundary turns upon simple and readily ascertainable historical facts. And, besides this, as many as ten of the Spanish American republics (not to mention Spain herself) have each separately addressed the British government in a like sense.

Early in the beginning of the present century, inspired by the successful example of the United States, the Spanish American colonies threw off the yoke of European serfdom and became free and independent states. Soon thereafter an alliance was formed by the three principal monarchies of Europe to resubjugate and partition those states. This scheme was defeated only by the timely and determined intervention of the United States under the administration of President Monroe; and that act of interposition for the preservation of the territorial integrity of our sister republics on this continent has ever been applauded as one of the wisest and noblest in our national history.

But the doctrines then officially proclaimed by President Monroe (and which afterwards received the concurrence and support of England herself) have lost none of their force and importance by the lapse of time; and by every consideration of reason and justice both governments ought to be as much interested now as ever in the conservation of a status the wisdom of which has been demonstrated by the experiences of three-quarters of a century. A repudiation of those doctrines now by the United States and a repudiation of that status now by England would not only be acts of bad faith, dishonorable to both governments, but would involve international disputes and complications.

WILLIAM L. SCRUGGS.

NOTE.—*Public Resolution, No.* 14.—Joint Resolution relative to the British Guiana-Venezuela boundary dispute:

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President's suggestion, made in his last annual message to this body, namely, that Great Britain and Venezuela refer their dispute as to boundaries to friendly arbitration, be earnestly recommended to the favorable consideration of both the parties in interest.

Approved February 20, 1895.

COLLECTING A MILLION STAMPS.

THE stamp fiend recently broke out in a new spot, at Kaneville, Illinois. This office, which had been handling only a small pouch of mail every day since its establishment, began, without apparent reason and on the shortest notice, to rival big towns in the neighborhood. Mrs. Edna Gorman, *alias* Edna Brown, was the cause of the eruption of mail matter at Kaneville. Some time ago Mrs. Gorman started (in the name of Edna Brown) a "chain" of requests for cancelled postage-stamps. She sent three letters only, each modestly requesting ten cancelled stamps. Each letter also asked the recipient to send a similar request to three other persons with the request that each of them send three like letters to three others, and so on up to fifty, each set of letters being numbered according to its position in the "chain."

Somewhere in children's literature is a story of a farrier who shod the horse of the King of Somewhere when that monarch was a-hunting, and who asked that his reward be a horseshoe nail multiplied by three progressively some forty or fifty times. This tale is intended to teach the youthful mind picturesquely the possibilities of progressive multiplication. Hereafter this bit of fiction can be omitted from First Readers, and the tale of Mrs. Edna Gorman and her "chain" of stamps may be told instead. Lately word came from Massachusetts that some one in that State had received a letter in one of the series of chains numbered 39. What are the possibilities of this number of multiplications by three? If you drop the odd numbers as the multiplication progresses you will find that if every person followed the instructions in Mrs. Gorman's letter, and each chain starting from the receivers of the first three letters remained perfect up to 39, Mrs. Gorman's receipts of cancelled stamps should come from 4,212,000,000,000,000,000 people, and the stamps should number 42,120,000,000,000,000,000. Unfortunately there are only 65,000,000 people in the United States, so Mrs. Gorman has been neglected by some one, or else her Massachusetts chain would not have reached 39. The multiplication by three reaches double the population of the United States in the seventeenth stage of progression.

Whatever flaws there may have been in Mrs. Gorman's chains she was soon receiving ten or fifteen thousand letters every day enclosing cancelled stamps, and the Post-office Department had no reason then to complain from a commercial view-point, for the postage paid by the senders of these letters amounts to two or three hundred dollars a day. Nor was there any actual extra expense attending the handling of this mail. The railroads which haul the mail to Aurora (the nearest railroad station), and the stage which has the "star" contract for the nine-mile haul to Kaneville receive the same compensation whether the matter carried weighs one ounce or one pound. The postmaster, too, being paid on the cancellations on matter going *out* of his office, receives no extra compensation for this extra work. But the department had to consider that the quadrennial weighing of the mail is being made this year in Illinois, and that the average which is to fix the compensation for four years beginning July 1st next will probably be based on the extraordinary record recently made at Kaneville.

It would not be possible for the postal clerks to weigh each separate piece of mail that is carried on railroad trains in the United States, so it has been the custom of the Post-office Department to have this weighing done with great care every four years for a period of thirty or sixty days; and on the average struck for this period the government pays the railroad company for the ensuing four years. The quadrennial weighing this year is in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Wisconsin, and Minnesota.

The object for which Mrs. Gorman claims to have been collecting stamps is the treatment of an invalid sister-in-law at a hospital. There is a myth known to the Post-office Department as "the million-stamp story," which says that there is a reward offered somewhere by some one for a collection of a million cancelled stamps. Children often write to the Post-office Department to ask who has offered this reward. The answer is that there is no reward. Cancelled stamps can be sold in New York for about seven cents a thousand to dealers who ship them to France and Germany. There they are used to decorate furniture or to paper rooms. So a million cancelled stamps would be worth about $70.

Mrs. Gorman has in fact been as much overwhelmed by the unexpected result of her scheme as was the Post-office Department, which has now come to her relief by issuing orders to postmasters to forward no matter addressed to "Edna Brown," there being no person of that name in Kaneville.

THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

THERE hung for many years in the hall of the old American Philosophical Society, at Philadelphia, a portrait inscribed with the name of "Francis Hopkinson," a signer of the Declaration of Independence, from New Jersey, the first Judge in Admiralty in the colonies, and author of the famous ballad, "The Battle of the Kegs." It hangs there still, but with another name. It is a half-length figure facing to the left, representing a man past middle age seated at a table. In his left hand he holds a manuscript lettered "Constitution of the United States of America"; above him on the right is a profile medallion of Franklin; to the left through an open window is seen a portion of a square brick building surrounded by trees; beside the table are volumes lettered *Locke; English Politics; American Phil. Trans.; Price, Sidney.* The size of the canvas is twenty-nine inches by thirty-seven. I describe this picture with minuteness, as the sequel will show its importance.

To the Loan Exhibition of Historical Portraits, held at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, in the winter of 1887–8, and which was the first collection of the kind ever brought together in this country, the Philosophical Society contributed this picture, and it is No. 193, in the catalogue of that exhibition, which I prepared. It is there set down as "Francis Hopkinson, by Charles Willson Peale," and its date is given as 1787. In the same exhibition there was hung No. 194, the not unfamiliar portrait of Francis Hopkinson painted in 1785, by Robert Edge Pine, now deposited in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and I was forcibly impressed at the time by the marked dissimilarity of the features in the two pictures, while the composition and pose are somewhat alike.

On a visit to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, in the summer of 1892, my attention was invited by the director, General Loring, to an interesting portrait, by Benjamin West, of Samuel Vaughan. The instant I saw it I recognized the Philosophical Society's portrait of Francis Hopkinson, by Peale. A critical examination of the picture satisfied me it was not by West. Its ownership, however, seemed to leave no doubt but that it was a portrait of Samuel Vaughan. It had been sent to the museum for the summer by William Warren Vaughan, of Boston, who was the son of William Manning Vaughan, the son of William Oliver Vaughan, son of Benjamin Vaughan, the eldest son of Samuel Vaughan, and was inherited by direct descent.

Upon my return to Philadelphia I began an investigation of the history of the picture, but, to my great surprise, was unable to find any reference to it in the records of the Philosophical Society, either as Francis Hopkinson or Samuel Vaughan. Failing in the direction where one would naturally expect to find full information upon the subject, and being familiar with the half-century of devoted service rendered to the Philosophical Society by Mr. John Vaughan, a son of Samuel Vaughan, I sought his will, on record in the Register's office at Philadelphia, to ascertain if any reference was made in it, or in the inventory of his estate, to a portrait of his father, and my examination was rewarded more richly than often results. In his will I found the following bequest: "I give to the American Philosophical Society the portrait of my late father, Samuel Vaughan, in which are introduced the garden which he improved and the building of the Society, for which the lot was chiefly procured and the building constructed through his means." This description of the building and the garden in the picture identified it, and showed that the portrait inscribed by this learned society "Francis Hopkinson" was in reality the portrait of its benefactor, Samuel Vaughan, bequeathed to the society by his son John Vaughan, in 1841.

Thus in a brief half-century, through supine carelessness, the identity of this important portrait of a man whom the American Philosophical Society in its palmy days had delighted to honor was not only lost, but given a fictitious name, and for no more philosophical reason than that some years ago two of the officers of the society, who were deputed to have the frames of the pictures in the hall regilded and rehung, did not know whose portrait this was, and thinking it looked something like other portraits of Francis Hopkinson, so dubbed it. My discovery was duly communicated to the society, and at the same time attention called to the fact that the picture had a hole punched through the canvas and was otherwise in poor condition, and advised its being placed in the hands of Mr. Wilkinson, a competent and conscientious restorer, for repairs. This communication resulted in the picture being restored, and the name of "Francis Hopkinson" replaced by that of "Samuel Vaughan."

Samuel Vaughan was the twelfth child of Benjamin Vaughan, of England, and was born April 23, 1720. He was a merchant engaged in the West India trade, and spent some time in Jamaica. He married, February 1, 1747, Sarah, daughter of Benjamin Hallowell, of Boston. He thus became connected both by business and by family ties with America, and sojourned in the United States between four and five years, from 1783 to 1788. He was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society January 16, 1784; his name was enrolled as a "Benefactor of the Society" in February, and on May 7th he was chosen a vice-president. On December 21, 1787, the members of the society passed a vote of thanks to him "for his disinterested and successful attention to their interests," which was then presented to him in person by Franklin, who was its president and founder. What these interests were is shown in part by the extract from the will of his son, John Vaughan.

It was Samuel Vaughan who directed the planting of the rows of trees in the State-house yard, Philadelphia, called Independence Square, in 1785, and along Walnut Street between Fifth and Sixth streets. He was a great admirer of Washington, and Sparks prints two friendly letters from Washington to Samuel Vaughan, one under date of November 30, 1785, in which Washington thanks him for a copy of Mirabeau's pamphlet on the Society of Cincinnati; and the other under date of November 12, 1787, in which Washington acknowledges the receipt of a plan of Mount Vernon which Mr. Vaughan had drawn, and expresses regrets for his departure from this country. Visitors to Mount Vernon will recall the elaborately carved marble mantel-piece which Vaughan sent to Washington, and what is esteemed to be the first portrait of Washington that was painted by Gilbert Stuart was sent out to England to him, and is known to this day as the Vaughan Washington. It presents the right side of the face, and is very different from the familiar Athenæum head of Washington, by Stuart, and as a likeness is doubtless more accurate. It is now owned by Mrs. Joseph Harrison, of Philadelphia.

Samuel Vaughan's interest in this country never abated, and several of his children made it their home, the most prominent being his eldest son, Benjamin, the political economist, and secret agent of the British ministry at Paris pending the treaty of peace with the United States, who settled in Hallowell, Maine. Samuel Vaughan died in England December 4, 1802.

But to return to the picture. When it was removed from the society's hall for the needed repairs the canvas was found to have endorsed upon it the date "1787." Above this date was a broad splash of old black paint, as if something had been obliterated. A careful scrutiny and investigation, aided by solvents, revealed beneath the paint, "Cs. Polk, Pinxt 1790." The deciphering of this painted-out lettering seemed to confirm rather than to change the view that the picture was from the easel of Charles Willson Peale, for the reason that it not only had the appearance of being his work, but Polk, who was Peale's nephew, copied many of his uncle's pictures, and, indeed, so closely imitated his manner that a large number of the early portraits of Washington, attributed to Peale, are copies by Polk. The rational theory then at once presented itself that Polk had copied the picture from Peale's original, and by error placed his name on the back of the original instead of upon the copy, which, when discovered, was sought to be obliterated as I found it. That this theory was in the main correct is supported by the subsequent finding in the old Vaughan homestead at Hallowell, Maine, of an inferior copy made by Polk with the obliterated inscription in full view. But, as we shall see, the original picture was not painted by Peale.

All the characteristics of the Philosophical Society's portrait indicate its being an original from life, while the one in Boston was in such a wretched state it would be impossible to tell what it was, whether replica or copy. That neither could be an original by West will be seen from the fact that, apart from the impossibility of date, West being in England and Vaughan in America, West could not have painted in London an original picture with the hall of the American Philosophical Society and the State-house yard in Philadelphia showing through a window. As the date, "1787," remained undisturbed, the portrait was probably painted in the fall of that year, which would account for the then new Constitution being in manuscript; and it could not have been much later, for Vaughan returned to England either just at the close of that year or early in 1788.

When the restoration of the picture was undertaken the first step necessary, preparatory to relining, was to remove the varnish from the face of the canvas. During this process it was found that the material used had not been ordinary varnish, but a preparation composed largely of white wax, with which the picture was thickly but evenly coated, and which served to obscure the brush marks of the painter. When this waxy coating was removed, and the artist's work revealed pure and simple, it no longer resembled, as before, the smooth hard manner of Charles Willson Peale, but showed plainly it was by a freer and more skilled hand, and pointed to the British painter, Robert Edge Pine, who was settled in Philadelphia, as the artist.

This was the opinion I formed, and in which Mr. Wilkinson coincided. He was especially competent to form an intelligent judgment on this point from having had recently in his hands for restoration two of Pine's works —"Garrick," belonging to the writer, and "Washington," belonging to the city of Philadelphia. That this opinion was correct received by chance remarkable confirmation. While examining a set of the catalogues of the annual exhibitions of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, in connection with my duties as chairman of the Committee on Retrospective Art for the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, I found among the pictures exhibited at the Academy in 1837: "Portrait of Samuel Vaughan. Artist, Pine. Owner, John Vaughan." Here, then, was undoubtedly the Philosophical Society's picture exhibited by John Vaughan, in his lifetime, as the work of Pine, when, of course, he knew who painted it, and substantiated the conclusions reached from a study of the picture itself after it had been cleaned.

This confirmation again received, by like chance and most unexpectedly, the support of sustaining circumstances. In the renowned autograph collection presented by Mr. Ferdinand J. Dreer to the Pennsylvania Historical Society there are two letters of Robert Edge Pine, one written to Samuel Vaughan, the subject of the picture, and the other written to John Vaughan, his son, the donor of the picture. There is nothing in the letters themselves bearing upon this portrait, but their contents show that there was intimacy between Pine and the Vaughans, and who, therefore, would be more likely to paint the portrait than the friend and countryman of the sitter, both of them earnest republicans? As these letters have not been printed, and are very interesting, as well as important in fixing the time of Pine's coming to this country at least a year later than the date given in most published notices of him, I transcribe them:

To John Vaughan, Esq., Philadelphia.

LONDON, CORK ST., BURLINGTON GARDENS, *28th April*, 1784.

SIR,—I had the favour of yours dated the 4th of Feb. last, and am greatly oblig'd to you for your kind attention to the disposal of my Prints, but hope, soon after this, to have the happy opportunity of thanking you in Person at Philadelphia, having resolved to indulge myself in visiting the Place, and People whom I have most respected. I propose bringing with me the original, Allegorical Picture of America, with many Historical Pictures and others and doubt not the kind assistance of Mr. Vaughan and the Ladies towards procuring me a favourable reception. I hope to be able to leave England in about a Month, and am now greatly employ'd in making preparation. My best respects attend on Mr. Vaughan and Ladies, and am Sir

Your oblig'd and faithful Serv. R. E. PINE.

To Sam'll Vaughan, Esq., Philadelphia.

CORK STREET, BURLINGTON GARDENS, *May 2nd*, 1784.

DEAR SIR,—In my letter to Mr. John Vaughan in reply to his favour concerning the Prints he obliged me with the care of, I communicated my intention of immediately visiting your happy Country, but I now find that I shall not be able to compleat the business I have in hand, in proper time for the Voyage. I therefore must necessarily postpone for a short time the gratification of a wish and hope I have for some years entertain'd—by which delay I hope I may be favour'd with your opinion of the present state of the Country, with respect to the disposition and ability of its inhabitants for giving encouragement to Painting, either at Portraits or in perpetuating to Posterity the many glorious Acts, which honours the Name of an *American*. I think I could pass the latter part of my life happier in a Country where the noblest Principles have been defended and establish'd, than with the People who have endeavour'd to subdue them—I therefore hope you'll be able to satisfye me, that in so doing I do not hazard the rendering my self the less able to provide for my Family. Your kind attention to this and a speedy reply will be very important to me, and add to the many services with which you have favour'd my dear Sir

Your much Oblig'd and faithfull hum'll Serv. R. E. PINE.

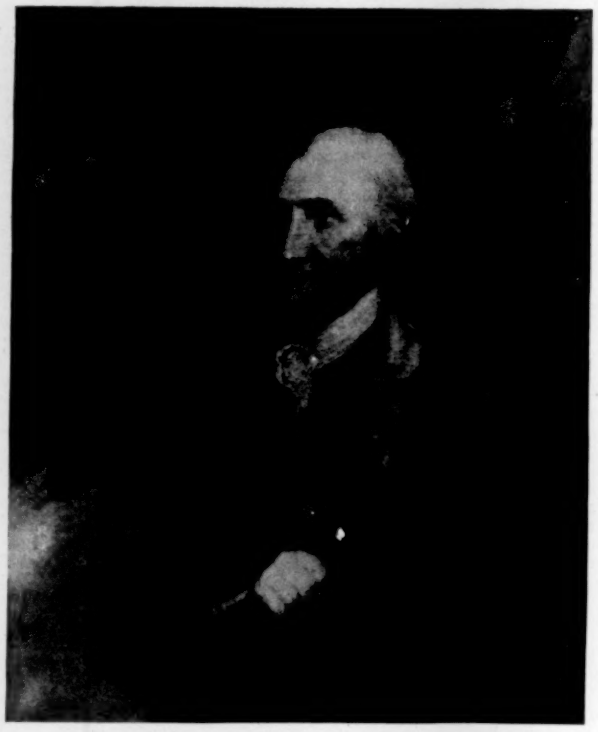
P. S.—Mrs. Pine and daughters joyn with me in best regards to Your Self and the Ladies.

DAVID GARRICK.—By Robert Edge Pine.
From Original Picture in Possession of Mr. C. H. Hart, Philadelphia.

Robert Edge Pine was born in London, according to Nagler, in 1730, while Bryan, Redgrave, and others give the year 1742. The earlier date of birth seems the more probable from the fact that in 1760 he gained the first prize of £100 from the Society for the Encouragement of the Arts, for the best historical picture that was offered, "The Surrender of Calais," with figures as large as life—a hardly possible achievement for a lad of eighteen. He was the son of John Pine, who published (1733–7) the beautiful edition of Horace, with vignettes and text engraved throughout by himself, and whose portrait by Hogarth, in the style of Rembrandt, is familiar to students of that artist's works. From whom the son gleaned his art instruction is not known, but doubtless the rudiments were instilled by his father. In 1762 he again took a first prize, for his picture of "Canute reproving his Courtiers." Both of these prize pictures have been engraved. Between these two dates he had for a pupil that erratic genius John Hamilton Mortimer (1741–79), which would scarcely have been the case had he himself been born only in 1742. Pine devoted himself to historical composition and portraiture, but his chief success was in the latter branch of art. The most familiar portraits of John Wilkes, whose principles he espoused, and of David Garrick, whose friendship he possessed, are from his easel, and have been repeatedly engraved, one of the former being lettered "Patricius Pine humanarum figurarum pictor pinxit." He painted at least four different portraits of Garrick; the most important for size and composition—Garrick seated at a table reading *Macbeth*—is in the National Portrait Gallery, London, while what is doubtless the original study for the head in this picture is in the possession of the writer. Another portrait of Garrick by Pine is in the Lenox Library, New York, and was the subject of an entertaining monograph a generation ago by the late Gulian C. Verplanck.

Pine was an exhibitor at the Spring Gardens Incorporated Society, of which he was a member from 1764 to 1771, when he angrily withdrew from the society on the ground of an insult by the president, and removed from London to Bath. Here he painted portraits until 1779, when he returned to London, and in 1782 held an exhibition of a collection of Shakespearian pictures that he had painted, some of which were afterward engraved, and found their way into Boydell's Shakespeare.

In 1784 Pine carried out his warmly expressed wishes by bringing his family to Philadelphia. His object is shown in his letters to the Messrs. Vaughan, and he sought to fulfil it by painting portraits of the eminent men of the Revolution, with a view of representing, in several large paintings, the principal events of the war, but it is doubtful if this project was ever completed. That he began it we know from the inventory of his estate, which contains, among other items, unfinished pictures representing the American Congress voting Independence, Capture of Lord Cornwallis, and the Colors laid before Congress, General Washington resigning his Commission to Congress, General Washington under the Character of Fortitude. Also a picture of "America suffering the Evils of War," an allegorical representation, doubtless the one mentioned in his letter, and which seems to have been engraved, as in the inventory we find, "Copper-plate engraving of the Allegory of America and 168 Prints." It would seem as if some impressions from this plate must have been preserved to our day, but I have not been able to learn of one.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.—By Robert Edge Pine, 1785.
From Original Picture in the National Museum, State House, Philadelphia.

The first portrait he is said to have painted after his arrival here is the well-known one of Francis Hopkinson, already mentioned, and it was a letter from this gentleman to Washington, explaining Pine's design and asking him to sit to the artist for his portrait, that drew forth the famous letter dated

Mount Vernon, *May* 16*th*, 1785.

Dear Sir,—In for a penny in for a pound is an old adage. I am so hackneyed to the touches of the Painter's pencil that I am now altogether at their beck, and sit like Patience on a Monument whilst they are delineating the lines of my face.

It is a proof among many others of what habit and custom can effect. At first I was as impatient at the request, and as restive under the operation, as a colt is of the saddle. The next time, I submitted very reluctantly, but with less flouncing. Now, no dray moves more readily to the Thill, than I do to the Painters Chair. It may easily be conceived, therefore, that I yielded a ready obedience to your request and to the views of Mr. Pine.

Letters from England, recommendatory of this Gentleman, came to my hand previous to his arrival in America, not only as an Artist of acknowledged eminence, but as one who had discovered a friendly disposition towards this Country, for which it seems he had been marked.

It gave me pleasure to hear from you. I shall always feel an interest in your happiness, and with Mrs. Washington's compliments and best wishes, joined to my own for Mrs. Hopkinson and yourself,

I am Dr. Sir Your most obedt. and affecte. hble Servant,

Go. Washington.

Pine's likeness of Washington is feeble and unsatisfactory, as are many of the portraits that he painted in this country. He left at his death four pictures of Washington, described as "Kitt-cat," which is most likely an error in size for half-length, for the only two Pine Washingtons now known are of this size. One belongs to the estate of the late J. Carson Brevoort, of Brooklyn, New York, and the other is in the National Museum, State House, Philadelphia.

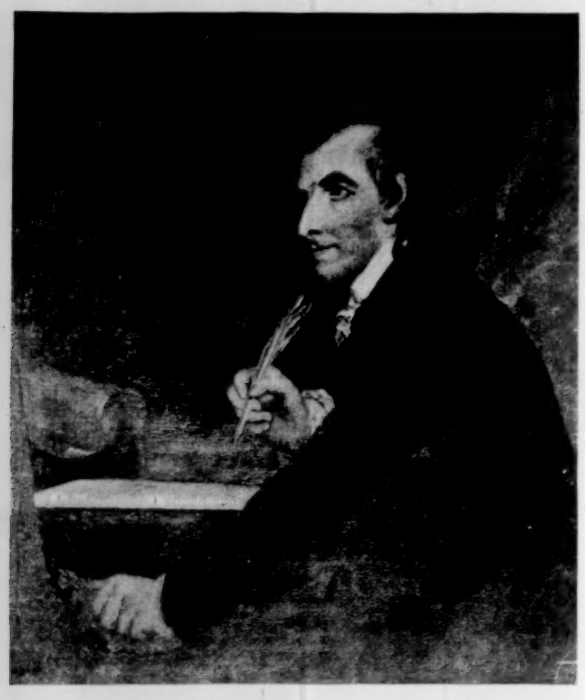
Pine was generously patronized by people of consideration, doubtless owing to his friendly disposition toward the land of his adoption, and Robert Morris, whose portrait he painted, built a house for him in Philadelphia, which was adapted for the exhibition of his pictures and the prosecution of his painting.

Here he died suddenly of apoplexy November 19, 1788. He is described as a "very small man, morbidly irritable. His wife and daughters were also very diminutive; they were, indeed, a family of pigmies." After his death his wife petitioned the Legislature of Pennsylvania to be allowed to dispose of her husband's pictures by lottery, which request was granted. A large number of them fell into the possession of one Daniel Bowen, who removed them to Boston, where they were all destroyed but one, a "Maniac in Chains," in the burning of the Columbian Museum. They served before their destruction, however, to give to Washington Allston his first lesson in color—Pine's strong point as an artist. He painted portraits of several of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, besides Hopkinson and Morris, notably those of George Read and Thomas Stone, of whom there are no others.

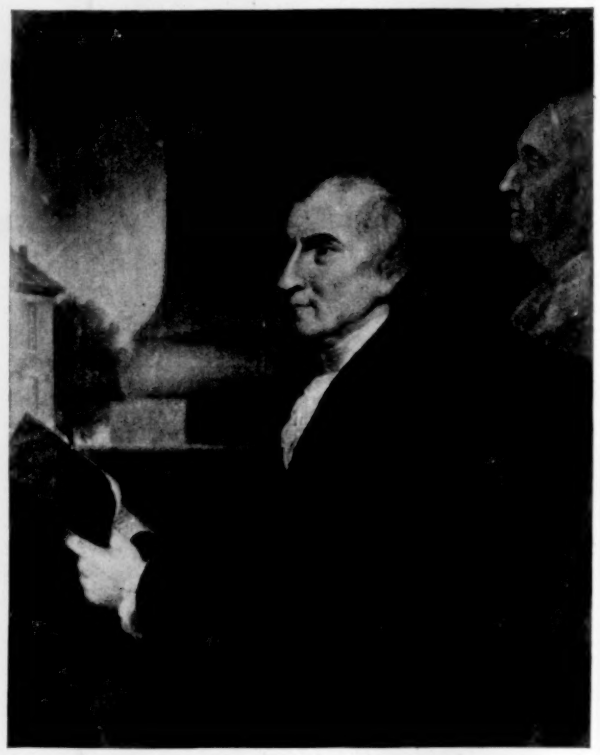
An interesting pastel of Mrs. John Jay (the beautiful Sarah Van Brugh Livingston), with her son and daughter in a garden, was contributed by her grandson, the late Hon. John Jay, to the Washington Memorial Loan Collection in New York city, April, 1889, as the work of Robert Edge Pine. The head of Mrs. Jay, for Griswold's "Republican Court," was also engraved from this picture more than forty years ago, as after Pine. There is, however, some doubt as to its being by him. The family tradition is that the two children are the two younger, William Jay and Sarah Louisa Jay, and, if correct, as it would seem to be from the picture being inherited by the descendant of William Jay, it is not from Pine's easel, as neither William nor Sarah Jay was born until after Pine's death.

Pine deserved the initials R.A. after his name infinitely more than many who, during his time, bore them. But the cause of his non-reception into that offspring of the crown can readily be found in his stanch radicalism and adherence to its political opponents. For some time after her husband's death Mrs. Pine taught school in Philadelphia, but subsequently returned to England with her children.

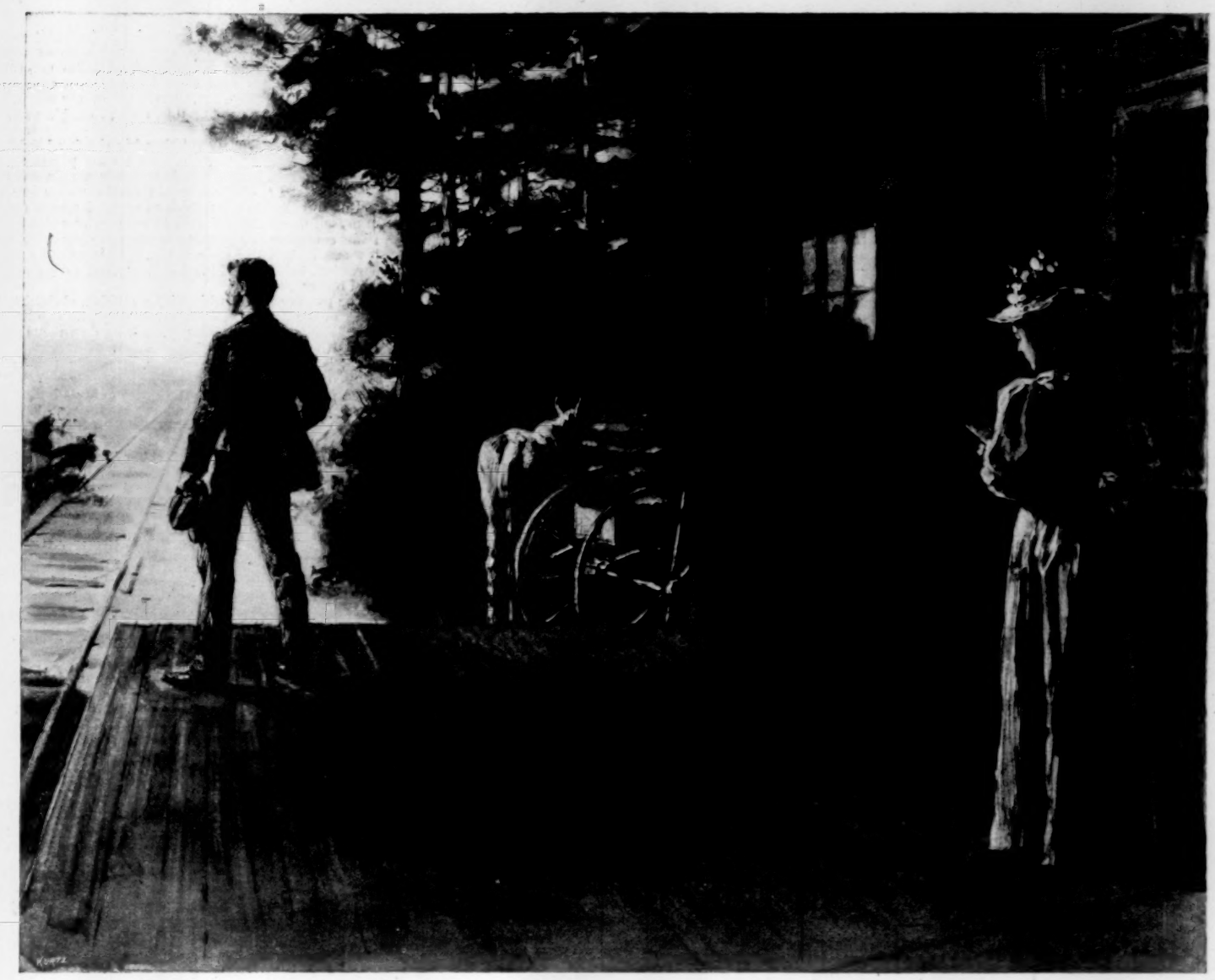
I trust that the story here related will impress upon artists and owners the importance and necessity of clearly marking on the back of every portrait the names of the subject and painter—a text upon which the writer has not infrequently preached. Had this been done in the present instance, the portrait of Samuel Vaughan, by Robert Edge Pine, could not have been turned into a portrait of Francis Hopkinson, by Charles Willson Peale.



FRANCIS HOPKINSON.—By Robert Edge Pine, 1785.
From Original Picture in the Hall of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, Philadelphia.



SAMUEL VAUGHAN.—By Robert Edge Pine, 1787.
From Original Picture in the Hall of the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia.



TUCKER'S TOUR.

BY ANNIE STEGER WINSTON.

TUCKER brushed aside the smoke from his pipe to look more earnestly on his companion. "Look here, Simms," he said, with characteristic disregard of the previous question, "if you come to think of it, it's something awful, this thing of living in the world with people and being as absolutely separated from them as you are from Pharaoh or Socrates, or any of those old-time dead-and-gone fellows in books. Down at that what-d'-you-call-it convention to-day it came over me so. I tell you what, sir, it nearly broke my heart. There was a snub-nosed man from Kansas on the platform, and somehow it all centred around him. I didn't like the looks of the fellow, but I couldn't bear the thought that I never would see him any more. It *worries* me, this feeling that I must circulate around forever in one narrow little orbit, and let other people go on in their narrow little orbits. I tell you, sir, I'm going to shoot around without any orbit for a while. When I was a little chap, learning geometry, the idea of parallel lines always gave me the horrors. That idea of going on and on and never meeting—it's a nightmare, sir. I don't care which figure of speech you prefer. I am going to shoot from my orbit, if you please, or zigzag along, and have as few parallels as possible." He laughed, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

Simms brought back his eyes, which had been fixed upon the chimneys outside. "Look here, Tuck," he began, "when are you going to look into that damage suit? Hickman told me yesterday—"

"Oh, pretty soon," Tucker answered, carelessly, tapping abstractedly on the coal in the grate with the poker. "Of course," he went on, with brightening interest, "a man can't overcome all the limitations of time and space; but he can do something, if he will just put aside his conventional old-fogy ideas. The world wouldn't see any sense, now, in a man's going across the continent just to see some old codger that he wouldn't want to see after he got there; but to me, sir, the man who did that would prove that he had a great soul. In fact, I can't think of anything which would raise a man more in my opinion."

Simms gave a sarcastic laugh, turning his eyes toward his friend's whimsical face.

"Yes, sir," Tucker went on, "he would prove himself a man who cared for an abstract principle." The two friends smoked on in silence.

There was no use, as Simms well knew, in trying to divert Tucker from any train of thought into which he had fallen. He would listen through what was said to him, with his large gray eyes fixed upon the speaker's face, with an amiable appearance of interest, and, at the first pause, would break in with, "Well, look here, as I was saying, old fellow," and proceed upon the even tenor of his way. And so Simms smoked on and awaited his turn.

"For instance, now, there was a little girl I met down the country last summer," Tucker began, leaning over and stirring the fire, "that in the natural course of events I never should see any more. That's the point, you see. I want to see her again in order to break away from the natural course of events. The people I'm going to hunt up, you observe, are people who are nothing to me. If I went after people who are something to me, I should just be sailing around in my orbit. This is the way I am going to enlarge my bounds: I'll take Richmond for a centre first, and go to all the places around that I don't want to go to and have no interest in, and hunt up some of the people about here that I have come across before, and after that I'll strike out further. Of course, as a practical man, I won't carry the thing too far. For instance, I wouldn't care to do more than to look up two or three of those Northern or Western fellows that I was talking about—just to prove to myself that I can get out of my own little rut if I want to; but it is worth while for a man to take some trouble to elevate himself in his own estimation."

Simms laughed sleepily, and rose to go.

"Well, come over to-morrow and talk about Hickman's suit. If you don't attend better to your business, you may lack funds for your enterprise."

Left to himself, Tucker reached up, got down one of his law-books from a case at his side, and buried himself in its contents, knitting his brow and pursing up his lips as if forcing himself to attend to a matter foreign to his mood.

The light of fire and candle shone cozily through the room. The walls were bare of pictures or ornaments, with the exception of a plainly framed engraving, over the mantel, of a Bishop Tucker of colonial times, to whom he traced his descent. No photographs or feminine gimcracks were anywhere visible. It would have seemed to Tucker a profanation of a lady's picture to put it out for the idle gaze of any chance comer—if he had possessed it. But Tucker was not a lady's man, and had no picture. And who would make pin-cushions and table scarfs for a man who would laugh them to scorn with the easy freedom of a brother? A choice collection of pipes and tobacco-boxes, and an old silver tankard marked with a coat of arms, adorned the mantel; a gun and fishing-rod occupied the corner next to the bed; a table, piled with books and papers, the centre of the floor.

From the head of the bed to the lock of the door ran a complicated system of wires, by which, without getting up, he could let the servant in to make the fire.

A small model of a street-sweeper stood on one side of the hearth; on the other, a coal-hod of new and original construction—both efforts of his own genius. A music-rack, made evidently by the hand of an amateur, supported a mass of law journals, while a pile of sheet music and a flute lay upon the bureau. In a corner, with rather a coffinlike and funereal air, stood a violin-case.

Upon the window-sill was a spectral array of dead and dying and languishing plants of various kinds, tied to their props by old cravats, pieces of twine, and shoe-strings, and not essaying the feeblest bloom among them.

The first days of spring had come, bringing with them to nature-loving souls a passionate hunger for green fields. The very streets had a sylvan air, carpeted with the fallen blooms of trees, blown over by pollen, and adorned by stray branches of bridal-wreath and flowering-almond reaching out from yards and gardens.

Tucker dropped in at Simms's office one morning equipped for a journey.

"I'm off for a little jaunt," he said. "I got a big fee last week, and I'm celebrating. I say, Simms, do you remember what I told you once about looking up people that you wouldn't be apt to see any more if you didn't look them up? The more I think of it, the more I'm convinced it's a capital idea. I'll do it, sir—I've made up my mind. Look here, old fellow, why don't you have some ideas outside of this everlasting grind of law? I don't mean money-making ideas—they are shrivelling you up now, soul and body."

Simms laughed, rubbing his hand over his pale, clear-cut face. "You are right, old boy—and they are not expanding my purse too much, either. I think I'll be off before long, for a change. If you just would wait, now—I say, let's get some of the other fellows and go to the meadows of the Dan. Browne and Wilkins were in here yesterday—"

"I'm sick of you, and Browne, and Wilkins, and all your tribe," said Tucker, reaching for his hat. "I want 'fresh fields and pastures new.' Good-by."

Tucker stood on the little platform at the station, holding his hat in his hand, and baring his brow to the fresh breeze that blew through the pines. A few horses were tied about; a mud-splashed buggy on his right awaited some inquirer after the mail. He stood idly following with his eye a little path which ran across the rough, uncultivated field in front of him, when he caught sight of a lady coming out of the little post-office on his left, her head bent over a postal card which she held in her hand. It was a pretty little figure amid these crude surroundings, so Tucker thought; but he resolutely looked away as she finished her card, put it in an old-fashioned leather hand-bag which she carried, and walked on toward the splashed buggy. He had a horror of "loafing" and staring at ladies; but his eyes would wander back, in spite of himself, as she passed. In an instant he had jumped from the platform and stood before her, shaking her hand and beaming recognition and delight.

"It's really the oddest thing—isn't it, now?—that I should have come across you this way. I knew you lived somewhere near here; in fact, I was going to look you up."

How pretty and fresh she looked when she blushed, he

thought, interrupting himself to ponder the thought, but continuing to shake her hand with unabated energy.

"I am going home," she said, shyly. "Will you—can you—if you have time?"

"I shall be delighted," Tucker said.

He got in after her, and took the reins.

"I reckon your father can tell me about those mica-mines around here. I want to see them if I can. Mica is a strange thing, Miss Mary; we haven't half gotten the use out of it that we ought to. Now in Mexico and Peru and Siberia they use it for window-panes. Some of these days, when law looks up, I intend to build myself a house that will *be* a house; and I'm going to let mica enter largely into its composition. As a means of decoration its uses are practically limitless."

"You are interested in mica?" Mary asked, looking up at him with her soft brown eyes.

"Oh no, not specially; the fact is I always thought the subject rather a bore. I used to know the owner of a mine, and he set me against it with his everlasting talk. Look at that little path running through that patch of pines. I don't know how it is—I was trying to study it out when I saw you—but the sight of a little path like that always gives me a queer sort of feeling; it's impressive, somehow. I don't know that I worked it out. But I'll tell you, if you like."

"Yes, please do." What a soft little voice it was! Tucker was distinctly conscious of enjoying himself.

"Well, I had two ideas, in fact. My first solution was that I felt that way because I had before me the visible channel of a tiny tributary of the great stream of life. But there's something commonplace about that—and hollow, somehow. It doesn't appeal to me when put into words. Then it occurred to me that it was the *primitiveness* of it that was moving—that it is the only mark that man makes upon the face of nature without tools." Mary looked up at him attentively, without replying. It was refreshing to have such a listener after the sardonic Simms. "Did you ever think of that?" Tucker asked, smiling down upon her.

"No," she said, "of *course* not; but I like it. I remember when I saw you at Uncle Robert's that I thought how many ideas you had about things! And I wanted to ask you something, but I was afraid." She stopped, laughing a little and blushing.

"What was it? I wish you would ask it."

"Well," she said, "I never saw a poet, but I used to wonder if you were one, and I wanted to ask you."

Tucker laughed loudly, with rather an embarrassed air. "Oh, I've tried pretty much everything. But speaking of ideas, I want to tell you about one I've got now. Haven't you ever felt sorry that people should drop out of your life?" he asked, abruptly, fixing his eyes upon her with the absorbing earnestness with which he always opened the exposition of the idea of the moment.

The brown eyes leapt up to his; then the lids fluttered and fell. "Yes," she said, in rather a stifled way.

What a lovely color she had! Tucker thought. Give him country girls for real beauty! When would you see a city girl with a natural color like that?

"Yes, of course," he went on, a little absently. "What was I saying, now? Oh, about losing sight of people. It's a terrible thing—a terrible thing, Miss Mary. It's ghastly to have people walking around in the world who are as dead to you as Pharaoh. I've been thinking of it for some time, but it's come to a crisis lately, and I won't stand it any longer. I came here just to see you," he went on, looking straight forward, with his customary obliviousness of his hearer, "for that and nothing else. And I came in pursuance of a fixed purpose."

What a nice shy little girl she was! he thought as he turned his eyes toward her, full of whimsical laughter. But she was watching the revolutions of the buggy's wheel, as if it were a new and wonderful mechanism which she had never seen before.

"I'm going to take up the loose ends in my life, Miss Mary, and this is the grand start, right here and now." He tilted his hat back from his forehead, and looked around him with obvious enjoyment. "The first time the idea I am working out came to me definitely and distinctly was at a national convention of dentists, in Richmond, a few months ago. I had felt it vaguely often enough before. I don't know what ever made me go to the meeting, but I went; and as I sat there looking about me, the thought crept over me like a wet blanket (no, not a wet blanket; that doesn't creep; like a—what d' you call 'em?) that these men were like bubbles, ghosts, as far as I was concerned, appearing a moment, vanishing forever. And it chilled me to the bone."

The brown eyes were gazing at him in evident bewilderment.

"Don't you catch the idea?" he asked, with masculine patronage, smiling amiably at her.

"You were sorry because you got interested in them, of course. But *everybody*—"

Tucker burst into a somewhat triumphant laugh. "I do believe I've hit on an entirely new idea. No; you are away off. Why, look here, Miss Mary, if I had been interested in those fellows, there was no reason in the world why I shouldn't see them again. The whole shebang meets every year somewhere or other, and I could follow it up if I wanted to. The very point is that I *wasn't* interested in them, and that is what cut them off from me like an iron wall. It is our own tastes and inclinations that hedge us in, don't you see? Now it is my idea not to be penned up in that manner so completely. People and things that I want to see again I'm going to see, in the natural course of events; but it is like triumphing over fate to go voluntarily where I don't want to go, and to hunt up people who are nothing to me, with no reason except that I will do it. You see my idea?"

She did not reply at once. "Yes, I suppose so," she said, with a cold carelessness which was rather surprising. She had turned very white, and her hands trembled as they lay together in her lap.

"You've got a chill, haven't you?" Tucker asked, in genuine concern. "Does your nose feel cold? That's one way of telling. I am so sorry. I *wish* I knew what to do for you, Miss Mary."

She laid her hands more firmly together to stop their trembling, and paused, as if to steady her voice. "It is nothing," she said. "What makes you think—" She stopped and put her hand to her throat, with a little husky cough.

Tucker looked at her with a troubled face. "I will drive as fast as I can," he said. "I can feel you shaking against my arm, like a little bird that has been caught out in the cold. If you would only let me put my coat around you, now; it would be the very thing."

She shook her head imperiously, and checked him as he was tearing it off. "A chill is nothing," she said, catching her lips between her teeth to steady them as she spoke, "if I have a chill. There—that is the house."

He lifted her from the buggy with the frank tenderness which one shows an ailing child. "Don't bother about me," he said, "but go and get warm."

"Are you sure you are all right now, Miss Mary?" Tucker asked, offering her his chair. "Mrs. Bowden, she wouldn't own up at first that it was a chill, but I found her out by the way she shook."

Mrs. Bowden looked at her a little anxiously. "She is not used to having chills, and doesn't know them when they come."

"Ought you to have come down again?" Tucker asked. "It didn't make a bit of difference about me. I don't believe you are half well yet."

Mary glanced at him slightly and looked away. The light from the window seemed painful to her eyes. "Oh yes, I feel very well."

Mrs. Bowden had slipped out in response to a dusky apparition at the door. An odd silence fell between them. There was something final, isolating, in her spiritless answer, which struck alike upon both.

"I feel very well indeed now," she repeated, trying to modify her tone; but the stiffness would not out.

Tucker was not the most observant of men, but it began to be apparent to him that she was not as affable as he had thought her. The thought brought with it a distinct pang of disappointment. He distrusted so utterly his own power to make women like him that the pleased interest with which this one had listened to him had touched and flattered him above measure. Had he said or done anything to offend her?

"I'm a rough fellow," he thought, humbly enough, "and I've done something wrong; I see that; though, like a dear little gentle girl, she's trying to make out it's all right."

For Mary was talking on easily enough now—of anything—nothing; he had no idea of what. A sudden thought struck him like a blow in the face. The color surged up to the roots of his light hair, and his eyes watered as if from physical pain.

"Miss Mary—" he broke out, suddenly and violently, and stopped. She looked at him with dilating eyes, but said nothing. He rose from his seat, and stood resting one hand on the back of his chair, looking across the room, out through the window, with his face crimson, and his brow furrowed into a deep frown.

"I don't know what to say," he said. "There's nothing I *can* say."

She opened her lips as if to speak, but said nothing, merely looking at him.

"I never *can* have a woman for my friend," he went on, desperately, "while I am such an outrageous idiot—and I don't deserve to have. I talked a lot of nonsense to you this morning that it makes me sick to think of, and I want you to forget it. Won't you?"

The color surged and throbbed over her face and brow. She touched her cheek lightly with her fingers, as if to check the unruly blood.

"I thought your ideas were very clever," she said, speaking very low.

"No—but really," he said, imploringly, "if you talk like that, I *know* you haven't forgiven me. You know what I mean. I said in effect that I had come to see you because I didn't want to." A burning blush overspread his face and ears. "You ought to despise me for my stupid rudeness—and I suppose you do."

His clear gray eyes were full of pained beseeching, but she would not look at him.

"Please don't worry about such a trifle," she said, her tone a little clearer than usual, but not less soft. "It is nothing, less than nothing; a slip of the tongue—a joke. Please don't imagine that I care."

"No, of course not," he said, stiffly. "I am not so conceited as to think my motive in coming could make any possible difference to you."

He fell into dissatisfied silence, eying her ruefully, but she did not reply.

"But I am not at all sure that you know what my motive was," he went on, with sudden huskiness.

She resolutely kept her face expressionless and unchanging, save for an added color and a slight quickening of her breath. Her slim hands lay listlessly together in her lap, and she looked not at him, but at the magnolia branches which swayed against the window. How pretty—how pretty she was! Tucker thought, with a kind of exasperated despair, and with a raging scorn of his own stupid blundering. How could he go on? But she had a right to know the truth.

"I don't suppose you care to know," he stumbled on, "what really did bring me here, but of course it wasn't the nonsensical reason I gave this morning." He broke off, abject in his mute appeal to her to help him out. But she merely gave him a startled glance and looked away.

"Oh, of course that was only a joke," she said, hurriedly. "I can understand perfectly the longing one has for the country at this time of the year. Everything is so fresh and green, and smells so sweet. I only wonder that anybody stays in town who can get away."

She said this like a timid child reciting a piece which it has learnt by heart.

"I wish I, for one, had staid in town," said Tucker, grimly. His genuine misery seemed to smite upon her for a moment, but she merely gave a slight nervous laugh. "Do you mean me to understand, Miss Mary," he said at last, with a mighty effort, "that you don't care to listen to the true explanation of my coming?"

She paused a moment. "Mr. Tucker, there is really no necessity for any explanation. Please don't think any more about it. Let us talk about something else."

"Well," he broke in, "it's all right, of course. You won't hear me, and there wouldn't have been any use, anyhow, in saying what I wanted to. *Won't* you let me say what I want to say—knowing it's no use?" he added, in a burst of beseeching.

She laid her hands tightly together. "Certainly, if you choose."

"It's only this, Miss Mary," he began: "I've always known, or known for a pretty long time at least, that there was nothing in me to attract any such woman as I most admire. I don't mean to say that I'm not a pretty good fellow in my own way; but my ideal woman was and is away up above me, utterly out of my reach, and I don't forget it. Knowing this, I don't dangle after her. What would be the use?"

He paused, nervously rubbing his shock of light hair. "That's my theory, you see. As for my practice—well, here I am. It just shows how easily a man can dupe himself, that I almost hid from myself my own motive in setting out on this crack-brained trip. I would not own to myself that I first thought of my precious idea because I was scheming and plotting to see you once more, but so it was. That is all I have to say." He rose as he finished speaking, holding out his hand. "And now good-by—God bless you!"

She put her hand in his with a sudden, childlike trembling of the lips. "I don't know why you should think that," she began, stumblingly, looking down—"that you—that there is nothing—"

He looked at her in wonder, strangely touched and thrilled by her suddenly softened manner. A wild, incredible thought began to throb through his brain.

"Could you—" he began, impetuously. The fluent Tucker of every day had no more words. These two had seemed to utter themselves.

She shook her head, slipping her hand out of his tight grasp. He stared at her in blank discomfiture.

"Well—it was only as I knew," he said at last. He held out his hand once more. "Won't you shake hands with me once more—as it is the last time?" She held out her hand with a quick deep flush. "The last time," Tucker repeated. "Why are you in such a hurry to slip your hand away? Good heavens! the last time!" He stood frowning in utter misery and pitiful irresolution. Suddenly he ran his fingers through his fluffy straw-colored hair and looked at her with the ghost of his old manner when struck by a new idea.

"Miss Mary," he began, slowly and hesitatingly, "if there's one thing in this world that I know less about than another, it's women. Don't let me go from here thinking it's all hopeless if there's any loop-hole which a sharper fellow might see. I'll never worry any woman. Just say the word, and though I care more about you than I care about anything and everything else on earth, I'll never trouble you again with anything I feel. But if there's any chance, any ghost of a chance—"

He fell into agitated silence. She stood blushing, looking down, a slight nervous smile breaking out irrepressibly at the corners of her pretty mouth. At last she raised her head and looked at him frankly, with a little laugh which was half a sob.

THE FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

DEAD, without mourners, and no cause for grief.
For once the nation breathes with keen relief;
Had Cleveland been endowed with Cromwell's toe,
This death we should have welcomed long ago.

The people gave it power—and yet its place
It soiled by wicked "deals" and deep disgrace.
The right it shirked—the wrong it vilely planned,
Until its name grew nauseous through the land.

And so, good riddance. Thank the fates that we
Its future equal may not often see;
If some good things were not by it denied,
Its noblest act by far was that it died.

JOEL BENTON.

THIS BUSY WORLD

MR. POULTNEY BIGELOW seems to enter actively into the intellectual life of the German capital, where he has passed the winter. We read of him as first making public, at a recent sitting of the Berlin Society for the History of Brandenburg, certain highly interesting extracts from the diary of Queen Louisa of Prussia, the good and beautiful great-grandmother of the present German Emperor. These extracts, which are contained in a small manuscript volume in the good queen's handwriting, seem to have been copied all at one time from a diary of the years between 1802 and 1810. They are mainly the expression of sentiment or emotion inspired by occurrences of the times, and are nearly all of a religious cast. The manuscript from which they are taken is in the possession of the Duke of Cumberland, whose grandmother was Queen Louisa's sister. They greatly interested the students of history to whom Mr. Bigelow showed them, and the society begged for a copy of them to be published in its records. The larger diary from which the extracts were made has never seen the light. From the nature of the extracts now disclosed it is thought probable that it has been left unpublished out of regard for the reputation of Queen Louisa's husband, King Frederick William III., whose standing as a historical personage might suffer from some of its allusions.

Mr. George William Curtis's birthday was honored this year at Cornell by a meeting of the Curtis debating clubs of the university, whereat Professor B. G. Wilder commended Mr. Curtis's Easy Chair essays on morals and manners as constituting a comprehensive treatise on the *ars recte vivendi*. Certain of them, relating to hazing, secret societies, brain and brawn, tobacco and scholarship, and tobacco and manners, he especially recommended to the attention of his undergraduate friends. He found special reason for commending Mr. Curtis's views on these subjects in the fact that the essayist himself had had a college training, was a member of a college fraternity, a smoker of tobacco, and had once shown his sympathy with college athletics by giving $25 to the Cornell Navy.

The strength of Mr. Curtis's hold on Americans of education is remarkable. While he did not seem to inspire the widespread enthusiasm which some of his political contemporaries excited, in every community which he reached there seems to be a certain number of thoughtful

people who place him among the very greatest of Americans, and estimate his services to the country at an exceedingly high value. To these people he is still a living force, and they cherish his memory with a fidelity proportionate to the strength of their conviction that the political reforms which he advocated and stood for are essential to the welfare of our country. An eminent educator in a city of this State, who was lately invited to contribute to the Curtis Memorial Fund, enclosed his check in a note testifying that to his mind only Washington and Lincoln had surpassed Mr. Curtis in the value of the services they rendered to the republic.

A foot-note to Mrs. Pennell's article on "Art in Glasgow," in the February HARPER'S MAGAZINE, alludes to news received, after the article was written, of the death of Mr. Gauld, an artist of the Glasgow School. Mrs. Pennell has since learned that the report of Mr. Gauld's death was unfounded.

There is a rumor abroad that Mr. Waldorf Astor is coming home to live. The impression obtains that Mr. Astor regards the mass of his countrymen as a lot of heartless spies, who wish to turn his most intimate affairs inside out, and who are down on him because he is rich. The better opinion would seem to be that Mr. Astor is not unpopular at home, and that a good many thousands of his fellow-citizens whom he has never seen would be glad, for purely sentimental reasons, to see him domiciled in his own town and his children growing up to be Americans. There is no reason why Mr. Astor should be unpopular. He has never shown himself to be either hard or mean or stupid. He is a gentleman, is intelligent, is sensitive, and is creditably ambitious to be something more in the world than a receiver of rents. It is probable that he has never appreciated in what degree his huge inheritance has made him an American institution, or how much excuse there is for that public inquisitiveness about his actions and purposes which has irritated and bothered him so much. A man to whom great wealth gives great power must in a certain degree be a public man, and there are inconveniences and vexations about his station in life which the world is hardly big enough to enable him to avoid. But a rich man, be he ever so many times a millionaire, is still a man, and as such he should not, and probably does not to the extent that Mr. Astor may suppose, forfeit the human sympathy of his fellows.

Censuring the prodigality with which some of our daily newspapers spread out their narratives of the Gould wedding and the Vanderbilt divorce, the *Evening Post* avers "that this stuff is greedily read by all classes." But this assertion seems a little too sweeping. Speaking for the class which includes This Busy World, it may be said that the news of the Vanderbilt divorce case was read to the length of about two columns, not greedily, but with regret at the nature of the intelligence conveyed, and with relief at the limited amount of detail that transpired. For the same class three or four columns about the Gould wedding sufficed, and that was not devoured, but very hastily skimmed. It may be doubted whether the Gould wedding shook the hearts of the people in quite the degree that the esteemed daily press anticipated.

What Ruth said to Naomi Barnard College seems to have said to Columbia. Whither Columbia goes she is going, and where Columbia lodges she intends to lodge also. There is no use of trying to dissuade her. Her word has evidently passed, and she will keep it. At last accounts she had received $30,000 to buy land adjoining the Columbia grounds uptown, and $200,000 for a building. She only needed $130,000 more to enable her to complete her land purchase. Barnard is six years old; has graduated two classes, and is being crowded out of her present quarters by importunate pupils, who flock to her in gangs and bevies for instruction. Her work is waiting for her, not quietly, but impatiently, and with vociferous urgency. She must build herself a shelter, and of course she must have land to put it on. *Place aux dames*, please—a hundred and thirty thousand dollars' worth, and pray don't keep the lady waiting.

A recent item in a daily newspaper serves as a lively practical illustration of Mr. Merwin's discourse in the *Century* upon the intricacies of horse-dealing. A man sued the New York horse-dealing concern known as Tattersall's because a hunter sent to it by him to be sold by electric light had been inadvertently put up at auction in broad daylight, with the result that certain defects or superfluities in or upon his legs became easily apparent to purchasers, and he brought only a very small price. The plaintiff got a verdict of $230, a comfortable sum certainly to reclaim upon a horse-deal, and yet a sum which many persons who have no horse to sell may regard as a meagre compensation for the inconvenience of demonstrating one's self in open court to be a rascal.

So it seems that at last New York is to have a great and adequate Public Library. To most readers the news of the proposed consolidation of the Lenox and Astor libraries and the Tilden Trust came as a complete surprise. It was not generally suspected that any scheme which would in any way confuse the individuality of the Lenox and Astor libraries, or conflict in any way with their functions as monuments to their founders, would be considered. Yet the thing seems to have been done without violence to anybody's sentiment, and to the general delight and approval of the great public which is most concerned.

If any one has a good word to say for the income tax, it must be some one who has no income or else some hopelessly wicked person who wants to have the greatest possible number of his fellow-creatures go where they will meet him hereafter. Oh, Uncle Samuel! Uncle Samuel! All that we have is yours. Take what you need of it, but oh, take it in some way that leaves to us some remnants of our self-respect.

E. S. MARTIN.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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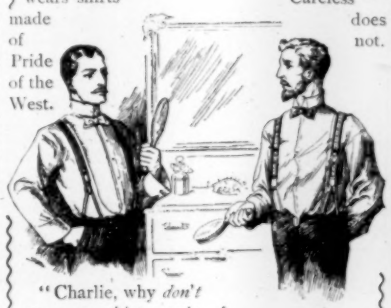

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It keeps the skin soft.

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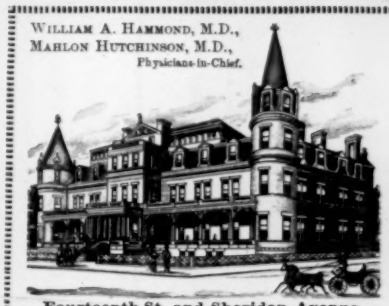

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AMATEVR SPORT

DISAPPEARANCE OF WESTERN BIG GAME.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

To the hunter whose memory goes back twenty years, big game in the Western country seems now to have been almost exterminated. The buffalo no longer exists. Localities where elk can be found in any numbers may be counted almost on the fingers of one hand. The territory inhabited by the prong-horned antelope is much contracted, and the old ranges of the mountain-sheep are deserted.

HEAD OF A BULL MOOSE.

Moose, with the various species of deer, hold their own better, while the supply of caribou and white goats—as the Alpine antelope of the Northwestern mountains is called—is not much less than in the old days. Bears have been exterminated over a wide extent of territory, but are still abundant in many localities in the Western mountain ranges. This disappearance of Western big game has taken place very recently, and with startling rapidity. It began as soon as hunting assumed a commercial aspect and men began to kill game for hides, and this did not take place until a market for hides was made easily accessible.

The great destruction of Western game has taken place almost entirely since the year 1871. The Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific railroads had then just been completed, and both ran through the very heart of the buffalo range. Buffalo were the most numerous of any of the wild animals of the plains, and as their hides were the largest and most valuable, buffalo were, of course, the first objects of attack. A very few years served to exterminate the herds near these railways, but as other lines pushed out across the plains and other portions of the buffalo range were invaded, these too yielded their tribute to the hide-hunter. When buffalo became scarce in any locality, the hunters turned their attention to the elk, the deer, and even the antelope, and in 1875 I visited hunters' camps on the upper Missouri where I saw the dried hides of these species piled up in great stacks, many wagon-loads together.

I first visited the plains and the mountains of the West in the year 1870, and then spent five or six months travelling over the country between the Missouri River and the Pacific coast. A comparison of what was seen of big game on that and subsequent trips with the range of these species to-day is of interest.

BUFFALO.

In 1870 the buffalo ranged from the British line through Montana, the Dakotas, much of Wyoming and Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, the Indian Territory, and Texas. They were enormously abundant and fairly blackened the prairie, the published accounts of their numbers being not exaggerated. People travelling through the buffalo range scarcely troubled themselves to carry provisions. At night, just before camp was made, a man would ride out, kill a heifer, and bring in enough of the meat for two or three meals. The buffalo were tame and paid little attention to travellers so long as they did not catch their scent, but the buffalo to their leeward would be likely to take the alarm.

There are now practically no wild buffalo left, the last of the large Northern herd having been killed in 1883 on the Dry Fork of the Missouri, though there was another small herd further south, that was killed a year or two later by Indians and whites, on or near the Sioux Reserve. The buffalo now living wild, except for two little bunches, are not the plains form, but the mountain-buffalo, commonly called "bison" by mountain men. There are, however, believed to be a few plains buffalo on the head of Dry Fork and Porcupine Creeks in Montana, and another little band in Texas, near the Rio Grande, and crossing into Mexico. These last are survivors of the old Southern herd, last known in the Panhandle of Texas. This Texas band is supposed to number only thirty or forty, and those in Montana are even fewer.

The mountain-buffalo which lives among the timber is, of course, more difficult to find, and so more of this form have survived. In the timbered region about Peace River and to the south a few buffalo still exist, though how many no one can know. Men who should be well informed tell me they are few in number, not more than five hundred, though scattered over a vast territory. There is believed to be a little band of a dozen or more buffalo in the Big Hole country in Montana. These were seen a few years ago by a well-known sportsman, and I have heard rumors of them since. In Colorado there are two little bands in the neighborhood of North Park. These may number seventy-five. Besides these, there are the protected buffalo in the Yellowstone National Park, which through the inaction of Congress have been preyed upon by skin and head hunters, until now they are said to number not more than two hundred.

ELK.

Twenty years ago there were some elk in Michigan and in Iowa, while they were quite abundant in western Minnesota, and extremely so on the plains of the Dakotas, Montana, Nebraska, and Wyoming, as well as in Kansas, Colorado, the Indian Territory, and all through the mountains of the West. In New Mexico they were not very abundant, and in Arizona still less so. But on the plains, the wooded river bottoms of the larger streams abounded in elk, and they were perhaps nowhere more numerous than in the bottom of the Missouri River and on such streams as the Loup Fork, the Niobrara, and the Little Missouri. The mountains of Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho, and Montana abounded in elk, and I have seen thousands in a single day. In the Uintah Mountains in Wyoming and along the Green River in Utah elk used to be exceedingly abundant. From 1877 to 1883 they were so numerous in the bend of the Platte in Wyoming that a man could have readily killed one hundred or more to his own rifle in a single day. As lately as 1885–6 people from Colorado used to drive into that country to Bates Hole in the autumn to kill elk for their winter's meat.

The centre of abundance of elk is now about the Yellowstone Park, especially to the south and east of that reservation. This locality includes the heads of Grey Bull, Stinking-water, and Green rivers. They are also abundant in Idaho, on the heads of Snake River, especially in the rough mountains. There are also a few on the east and west flanks of the Rocky Mountains near the Continental Divide, but these live for the most part in the green timber, where they are hard to find and hunt. There are said to be still a few elk on Savary Creek in Wyoming, near Saratoga Springs, and to the westward. They are still abundant in the Olympian Range in Washington, a very rough and difficult country, into which, as yet, not very many hunters have penetrated. There are some elk also in the high mountains of Vancouver Island back of the town of Comox, but on the whole elk are scarce in western British Columbia.

MOOSE.

The moose is a Northern animal whose southern range only just extends into the United States. Twenty years ago it had almost been exterminated by hide-hunting in Maine, but active protection of late years has resulted in a very great increase in its numbers. In the Adirondack region of New York it has been exterminated for more than thirty years, though it was once abundant there. In the early seventies it occurred sparsely in Michigan and Wisconsin, and it is still found in considerable numbers in the heavily timbered country of northern Minnesota, as far west as the Red River Valley, and perhaps in a few isolated localities suited to its habits in the Dakotas. In the main range of the Rocky Mountains, south from the boundary line, as far as the heads of Green River in Wyoming, moose still occur in small numbers. The southwest corner of the Yellowstone Park is a favorite range for these animals, and they are found sparsely all through that reservation.

CARIBOU.

Like the moose, the woodland caribou touches the United States at only one or two points, chiefly in Maine and on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. They are at all times more or less migratory, shifting their ground from time to time, influenced by causes of which we know little or nothing. Thus, while some years ago they were scarce in Maine, they are now quite abundant there. But from there west they are hardly seen until the Continental Divide is passed, but they enter the United States again on the west side of the Rocky Mountains, from the Kootenay River country, where they are quite abundant. In Oregon, on the high mountains, "queer elk" are reported by hunters, and the description given of these animals would seem to show that they are caribou. Major Ch. Bendire, of Washington, has informed me that years ago, at Boisé City, Oregon, he saw caribou heads which were probably killed not far away.

HEAD OF A BIG-HORN.

DEER.

While the three species of North American deer have suffered somewhat from the depredations of the skin-hunters, they have hardly been systematically pursued for their hides, and such killing as has been done by skin-hunters has been only incidental to the pursuit of animals whose skins are more valuable, or which were found in larger herds. As is well known, the common Virginia deer—the white-tail deer—still clings to its ancient haunts in most of our States, and has been entirely exterminated only in one or two. Its devotion to locality has led to its being constantly hunted, and one result of this has been its education in all the ways of the hunter, so that the white-tail deer is the hardest game to hunt that we have.

The spread of settlements through the West has resulted in the destruction of the white-tail in many localities where it used to be most abundant. The brushy thickets of the Platte River bottom and of other streams flowing over the Western plains were formerly full of these deer, but they have largely been killed or driven off. They are still found in many localities in the Bad Lands country of the upper Missouri and on streams tributary to it—a section where as yet there are few settlements, and which has not been systematically hunted for a good many years.

I have never seen white-tail deer so abundant anywhere as they were in the Black Hills in 1874, when General Custer's expedition first entered it. As we rode along it seemed that each little park and opening in the Hills held one or two families of deer, and it was reported that during the first day in the Hills the command killed one hundred of these animals.

Mule-deer, which were formerly found all over the great plains west of the Missouri River, have been largely killed off, and now occur only in and near the mountains. They have not the wisdom of the white-tail deer, and are much more easily destroyed.

The Columbian black-tail deer, whose range does not extend east of the Cascade Mountains, has, of course, suffered some diminution in numbers through the settling up of the Pacific coast country, but, on the whole, it is still protected by the roughness of the region which it occupies and the dense timber which covers it.

MOUNTAIN-SHEEP.

When I first visited the plains and the mountains the range of the mountain-sheep extended interruptedly from the Pacific coast out over the plains as far at least as Birdwood Creek, which is north of the junction of the North and South Platte rivers in Nebraska. It was then extraordinarily abundant all through the Bad Lands of the Missouri River, everywhere along the Yellowstone River to its mouth, on the Birdtail Divide in Montana, and generally on the eastern flanks of the Rocky Mountains, everywhere north and south. One of its favorite resorts years ago was the country about Fort Laramie, an untimbered elevated region, chiefly prairie, but dotted with rough rocks and buttes. Hugh Monroe, an old prairie man who reached the flanks of the Rocky Mountains in 1813, has often told me how the Indians used to surround high buttes in northwestern Montana, and then sending

HEAD OF AN OLD COW BUFFALO.

up two or three men to drive the sheep down, would kill them on the prairie as they tried to break through the circle of the hunters.

At present mountain-sheep have been exterminated over most of the prairie country, and are found only in the mountains, but in earlier days I often saw them feeding on the prairie with the antelope.

There are still a few sheep near Helena, on the Missouri River, as well as in the country of the Prickly-pear Mountains. There are some in the Bear-tooth Range, on Priors Mountain, on the head of Clarks Fork, Grey Bull, and Stinking-water rivers, as well as in the Big-horn Mountains, and now and then among the rough buttes and bluffs about Rosebud and Tongue rivers. In Colorado, where they are measurably protected, they seem to be increasing and to be resuming their old habits, and a friend who spent a part of last summer in Estes Park tells me of seeing sheep feeding on the prairie with the cattle. The range of the sheep extends far south into Sonora, Mexico, and on the Pacific it is found in the mountains of Lower California. Another form, called Dall's mountain-sheep, extends north into Alaska nearly as far as the mouth of the Mackenzie River. The range of the mountain-sheep is thus very extensive.

ANTELOPE.

Owing to their former great abundance and gregarious habits, antelope have furnished many hides to the hunter, and over large areas they have been swept off the plains and forced close to the mountains. Formerly they were very abundant, and in Dakota, Montana, Nebraska, Kansas, and Wyoming one might see a thousand or two individuals in a day's march. Now they occur in small numbers only. There are a few in the Northwest Provinces, and in Montana near the mountains and north of the Yellowstone River; in the Big-horn Basin and on the Central Plateau they are still moderately abundant. They are practically extinct in Kansas, Nebraska, Indian Territory, and eastern Dakota, though there are a few remaining on the plains near the Little Missouri River.

WHITE GOAT.

This Alpine antelope may almost be called a dweller on the Pacific slope, so far as United States territory is concerned. It is abundant in western Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon, and occurs in one or two isolated

localities in California. It is, however, really an Alpine animal, and its true home is north of the United States boundary line in British Columbia. A few years ago this animal was hardly known as an object of pursuit to the hunter, and was supposed to be extremely rare, because few people then climbed high enough to find it. It is really abundant. There is not much reason to suppose that it has greatly decreased in numbers, except as the continued settling up of the country brings hunters nearer to its range. Its pursuit is so laborious that it is not likely ever to be followed for gain, unless its hide should become fashionable.

BEARS.

The range of the black bear is not much contracted, except so far as settlements have driven it back. It is still moderately abundant in the northern New England States and in many parts of the South, and is still found in the Rocky Mountains and on the Pacific coast in considerable numbers. On the other hand, the grizzly bear is much less numerous than in old times. Formerly the latter ranged pretty much all over the plains, feeding on dead buffalo, digging roots, and gathering berries. The settling up of the plains country of the West has changed all that, and the bears have been driven into the mountains, except perhaps as to the Bad Lands of the upper Missouri River. Twenty years ago I watched from the deck of a Missouri River steamboat half a dozen bears digging roots in the river bottom below old Fort Peck; but such a sight could not be seen now. The value of the bear's hide causes it to be hunted, trapped, and poisoned, so that their numbers have been greatly reduced. They are, however, still to be found in certain localities in the mountains, and within the past few years have greatly increased and become extremely tame in the Yellowstone National Park, where they are protected.

Twenty-five years ago the country from the Missouri River to the Pacific coast was one great game range, and a considerable population was supported by the wild animals which were found there. Now cattle and sheep have taken the place of the buffalo and antelope.

APPRECIATION.

WE love the song the poet fondly wrought,
We love the blushing flower blowing free,
But of the poet have no passing thought,
Nor of the gnarled misshapen flower tree.

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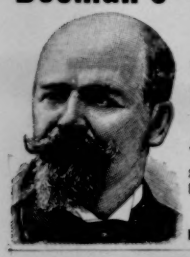

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THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL STATEMENT
OF THE

EQUITABLE

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1894.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	$26,342,841.16
Real Estate, including The Equitable Building and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	24,322,723.46
United States Stocks, State Stocks, City Stocks, and other investments	107,619,636.52
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value, $7,401,456)	5,663,500.00
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure and office buildings	15,090,524.81
Cash in hand and in transit (since received and invested)	2,287,140.05
Interest and Rents due and accrued	527,200.06
First year's Premiums due and unreported, less cost of collection	543,837.00
Renewal Premiums due and unreported, less cost of collection	645,391.00
Deferred First Year's Premiums, less cost of collection	259,618.00
Deferred Renewal Premiums, less cost of collection	1,741,898.00
Assets December 31st, 1894	$185,044,310.06

We hereby certify, that after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement for the year 1894, we find the same to be true and correct as stated. The stocks and bonds in the above statement are valued at the market price December 31, 1894.

THOMAS D. JORDAN, Comptroller. FRANCIS W. JACKSON, Auditor.

We, the undersigned, appointed by the Board of Directors of the Equitable Society, in accordance with its by-laws, to revise and verify all its affairs for the year 1894, hereby certify that we have, in person, carefully examined the accounts, and counted and examined in detail the assets of the Society, and do hereby certify that the foregoing statement thereof is true and correct as stated.

E. BOUDINOT COLT, T. S. YOUNG, H. S. TERBELL, G. W. CARLETON, W. B. KENDALL, } Special Committee of the Board of Directors.

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on all existing policies calculated on a 4% standard, and all other liabilities	$147,564,507.21
Undivided Surplus on a 4% standard	$37,479,802.85
Surplus, 3½% standard	$27,258,764.85

I hereby certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus. Dividends will be declared, as heretofore, on the basis of a 4% standard.

J. G. VAN CISE, Assistant Actuary.

INCOME.

Premium Receipts	$36,038,931.09
Cash received for Interest, Rents, and Dividends	7,630,705 42
Income	$43,669,726.51

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims	$11,036,679.71	
Matured and Discounted Endowments	952,054.66	
Annuities	385,811.98	
Surrender Values	3,468,351.04	
Matured Tontine Values	1,490,721.00	
Dividends paid to Policy-Holders	2,139,734.58	
Paid Policy-Holders		$19,473,352.97
All other payments: commission, taxes, salaries, advertising, and general expenses		7,953,130.96
Disbursements		$27,426,483.93

ASSURANCE.

Outstanding Assurance Dec. 31st, 1894	$913,556,733.00

In the above Statement of Outstanding Assurance, Instalment Policies issued during 1894, and previous thereto, have been reduced to their commuted value.

Total Amount of New Assurance Applied for in 1894	$256,552,736.00
Amount Declined	39,436,748.00
New Assurance written in 1894	$217,115,988.00

The business of the Equitable Society is conducted on the Mutual, All-Cash plan. No notes are held for first year or renewal premiums.

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